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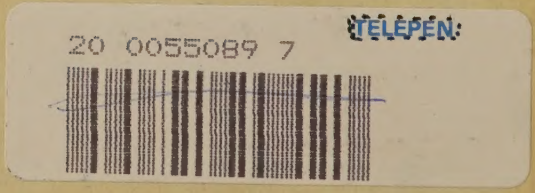

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MAZZINI'S LETTERS

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MAZZINI'S LETTERS

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN BY

ALICE DE ROSEN JERVIS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND
NOTES BY BOLTON KING

LONDON AND TORONTO
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INTRODUCTION

MAZZINI'S name does not sound as widely now as it did seventy years ago, but his value is unchanged to a multitude of earnest men and women, especially in England and America, who still find inspiration in his teaching. "Life is a mission" and "God and the People" remain as watchwords, and no better have been found. His theology may be out of date, his literary canons do not convince, but his moral teaching shines undimmed. Let us see what it is.

The whole value and meaning of a man's life lie in his obedience to Duty, and Duty commands his every action. A man's business is not to save his soul, not to lead a passively good life, hardly even to write and preach ideals if his work stops at that, but "to translate every thought of good, come what may, into action. The moral man cannot be sundered from the practical or political man." Therefore without thought of self and in scorn of consequence we must work unrestingly, alike when work brings its own happiness and when duty constrains the weary and reluctant mind. "Rest is immoral," and "the supreme virtue is to think, work, fight, suffer for the victory of good over evil." It is this alone, he said, which gives power and persistence to individuals and parties. If a man's object is to acquire or maintain some real or supposed right, self-interest will be his motive, and if the general good involves no advantage to self, he relaxes his efforts and stands aside from the fight. But at the call of Duty we shall work unceasingly for the betterment of men, shall hold cheap all that makes life pleasant, even life itself, shall struggle through all a generation for a good which only our children will enjoy. Duty "borrows from the Divine a

spark of its omnipotence," and will triumph when self-interest shrinks at discouragement and leaves the field.

Mazzini lived magnificently up to his principles. His frail strength was always taxed to the utmost, and up to his last days his life knew no rest, often in great weariness of mind and body. There was no leisure from his labours of organising, conspiring, writing, and, so far as I know, he never had a holiday. Much of the work, it is true, was wasted. A good deal of his voluminous correspondence was unneeded, and he often wrote to content the urge to work rather than to serve any useful end. His meticulous organisation was sometimes directed to an impossible or mistaken purpose. His unwholesome distrust of personal happiness never touched his sweetness and gentleness, but made him court fatigue and privation for their own sake. A life of exile was one continuing privation to a man who loved his country and suffered in a northern climate, and who longed with an intense longing to be near his mother. Yet at bottom it was no barren altruism but a consuming love of humanity that made him give his life to its service. And wasted though some of his work was, his sum of achievement is a very wonderful one. He took a great part in moulding modern Europe; and he left behind a body of doctrine which has profoundly influenced political thought and a gospel of moral teaching which is still unsurpassed.

Mazzini's political interests were, of course, primarily directed to his own country. When he grew up, Italy existed only in name and sentiment. Most of the fertile North was a province of the Austrian Empire; the Centre was ruled by satellite princes or the Pope; Piedmont and the South alone could boast national governments. The whole country groaned under a misrule which shaded from the tempered absolutism of the Austrians and Piedmont to the unabashed tyranny of the Pope and the Neapolitan Bourbons. There was no representative government, no freedom of speech or writing, no security for personal liberty. Mazzini desired two things for Italy—that it should be an united country with its capital

at Rome, and therefore that the Austrians should be expelled; and that it should be a republic with an advanced social legislation. It is difficult to say which he cared for most. His life was one long struggle for unity, and though unity came at last from men whom he hated and despised, it was he who sowed the seed in "Young Italy's" fifteen years of propaganda and agitation. He worked equally for the republic; when it was patent to all others and dimly visible to himself that unity could only come from the Piedmontese monarchy, he abandoned his republican gospel from time to time, but it was a reluctant concession, made with reservations and a want of ingenuousness which was apt to border on bad faith. It is impossible to acquit him sometimes of a partisan and factious policy, still less of the twisted vision to which the exile is prone.

Like all his actions, his nationalist policy was bottomed on a thought-out principle. A man's work is to help humanity, but humanity is too big and amorphous to give either an effective sense of obligation or a basis of operations, and a man must work through and for his nation. "Nationality is sacred because it is the instrument of labour for the good of all men." Therefore Europe must be divided, not into the artificial states of his day, but into living units each founded on a common national sentiment. Mazzini was the first to insist that the true basis of nationality is not race or language or geographical demarcations, but the will of the people. Nationality, he postulates, is a moral phenomenon which exists by virtue of moral facts. History has proved the truth of this, but he added a qualification which still remains a vision. No people, he argued, has the right to claim its independence, unless its nationality has some distinct and specialised service to render to humanity. His theory has an element of truth, but it lends itself to such fanciful interpretations as he himself revelled in. Nor did he foresee—perhaps he thought he had safeguarded against it—the perversion of nationalism which has made it sometimes the foe rather than the friend of peace.

It would not be fair to brand his republicanism as purely doctrinaire. He was a republican mainly because he believed that only in a republic would there be a field for the social legislation which he preached. He made an exception for England, and it is small wonder that he saw no hope of democratic progress under the monarchies which misgoverned the continent in the first half of the last century. At all events he cherished the republic because it would "tend primarily to the betterment of the most numerous and poorest class." How it was to do this he was always rather vague. He waged a bitter fight with the crude socialism of his time and he disliked State compulsion. But his schemes, so far as he formulated them, are hardly distinguishable from much of latter-day socialism. He had two concrete proposals: a radical reform of taxation with a severely graduated income-tax and no taxes on food, and the gradual supersession of capitalism by voluntary co-operative societies of workers. He proposed to assist these from a national fund which would be built up out of the nationalisation of church lands, mines, railways, and "some great industrial enterprises" (it is not clear whether he would compensate). The co-operative societies were to have loans from it on very easy terms through special local banks, but the State was to have no control over their working, and one searches in vain for safeguards against abuse.

Mazzini's supreme interest, however, was not in politics but religion. There was a time in early life when he hoped to be the founder of a new church which would supersede Catholicism and Protestantism. It was to supplement rather than supplant Christianity, and he had a profound reverence for the life and teaching of Christ. Christian ethics, he said, would always stand fast, and for some years he questioned how far religious development should be built on Christian foundations. In the end he came to the conclusion that Christianity could not satisfy the present range of human knowledge or be sufficient incentive to all human activities.

He thought that it neglected men's social interests instead of sanctifying them, that it had divorced religion from politics and art and science, that it had not insisted that men must better the environment in which they live. By concentrating on the individual rather than the collective life of humanity, it taught men, he held, to devote themselves each to his own perfecting, and like the French Revolution which he regarded as its political expression, this fell to moral selfishness and social anarchy. Hence it could not solve the perplexities of modern men and women, or supply the faith which would remould the moral world. But though he rejected Christianity as he understood it, he was insistent that the progress of the world demanded a dogmatic religion. He had his creed of an objective God, personal immortality, a one and eternal law, and at the same time an ever-active Providence; under its guidance progress was indeed inevitable, but its pace depended on human effort. He dreamed of a church, centring in Rome, which would formulate the ethical doctrines of Europe and America. In some undefined way it was to dictate the principles which would inform the actions of the State, it was to control education, and with a curious streak of intolerance he seems to have hoped that it would ban unorthodoxy.

In personal appearance Mazzini was of average height, with delicate and, in youth, almost feminine features, but with a fine forehead and dark piercing eyes that "looked like flames." The strain of the Roman Republic in 1849 aged him much, and in the last twenty years of his life his face grew more and more sunken and pallid. He dressed neatly in threadbare clothes which were always black, as a sentimental reminder of his country's condition. In manner he was grave and sad, except when he forgot himself in conversation, but always sweet and gentle. He was an affectionate friend, especially to women, grateful for any kindness, deeply interested in the personal hopes and difficulties of his friends, counsellor and inspirer to them in spiritual need. In his busiest days he would lavish thought and time to help them,

and his shining purity and freedom from self made his influence a potent one. Children and animals he loved, and his pet canaries played a big part in his daily life. But while thus gentle in private life, in politics and literary controversy he was too desperately in earnest to be tolerant or even fair. Wrong opinions argued to him a low morality. To followers who shrank from the sacrifices which he demanded he was pitiless.

By inclination he was a student, and though his patriotism and sense of duty drew him into feverish and dangerous political agitation, he read much and widely and thought more. His mind was not a critical one, and at all events in economics and history he could not reach to and rather despised exactness. But, whatever subject, he had a rare power of getting down to principles and illuminating them with a faith that gave them life and power. His range was a very wide one. Contemporary politics, history—especially of the French Revolution,—religion, social and moral theory, literature, music,—he wrote well and wisely on all.

This collection of his letters, made by Signor Zanotti-Bianco, will give an insight into much of his thought. Some deal with his Italian policy, some with his personal religion, others with his political and literary theories, a good many with his personal life and friends in England and Switzerland. Signor Zanotti-Bianco has generously placed them at the disposal of the English editors, and they are indebted to him for giving them a free hand in selecting those which seem to appeal most to English readers.

BOLTON KING

March 1930.

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MAZZINI'S LETTERS

I

To LUIGI AMEDEO MELEGARI—MARSEILLES

GENOA,
2nd October, 1833.

BROTHER,

. . . . . .

For my own satisfaction, I want to tell you certain things about that device, which I gave up at once, ordering the maker to destroy it. You spoke frankly to me, and I am sure that we cannot be too frank with one another. I was very much surprised to hear that you represented me as proposing Unity, Independence, and Liberty, with nothing beyond; you who are perhaps the only one who has penetrated into the idea, which was your own; you who made the *Giovane Italia* a speciality of yours. With these words we go back to the *old*; not that the three things are not excellent in themselves, or that they are not sufficient when they are properly understood—but who understands them? Have we not found fault with past revolutions and with pseudo-revolutionary governments, because they did not explain the programme of renewal fully, precisely, and without disguise? Have we not declared that the difference between them and ourselves is that we wish to proceed with a clear symbol, with the tables of the law before our eyes, whilst they proceeded almost in the dark? Did we not cry to everyone in our third number, and with general applause:

"What kind of Liberty?" Remember that the essence of the *Giovane Italia* lies in the fact of our having said: "To begin with, we wish to define our motive: the secret of the century, the secret of future civilisation, the secret of revolutions, lies in the need of Equality." This is the word of command. Liberty is little or nothing if it is not the necessary means of founding Equality, of reconstituting the Nation. Liberty is the *critical* part. Liberty by itself is Protestantism in religion. Liberty is a negation; it does not constitute anything. It destroys and does not found; it merely leaves the ground in a condition to receive foundations. The step which we have taken is precisely that of founding, or at least of proposing it to ourselves. And if we do not speak of it now, it is only out of diffidence. Liberty constitutes for us that stage which enables us to proceed to something organic; and this something is Equality, the element of the People, the element which alone can make us triumph. Liberty, Independence, and Unity are words which sound very well in the mouth of any revolutionary, whether monarchical, moderate, or theoretical. We have said that we were a step in advance of all these. It is not the moment to recede, now that we have taken up arms; the party that could accuse us of having fallen back would have the game in its hands.

The device, which I had suggested in fault of a better one, embraced for me all the terms that compose our symbol, the triangle upon which future civilisation rests, and therefore ours. Liberty and Equality express as much as we choose, for us and for all the Italians who have joined us. But when we rise, are we going to rise alone?

It is at this point that the differences between us begin; differences which are not radical, and which do not affect the unity of our goal; but for which I am sorry. I know that I am right; and you must not put this down to pride,

but to an inward conviction. Woe to him who rises for himself alone! That Nation which, in the nineteenth century, isolates its lot, that Nation which does not feel that it is part of the great family, that Nation which forgets that it has been given a mission to Humanity, and that it ought to represent a general idea, is behind the times, falls short of Spiritualism, and does not recognise God and His universal law. We are all of us fighting for the great cause of Humanity, the great cause of Right; and the least corner of land is Europe in miniature. Do you dream of a revolution like those of the Middle Ages? Greek or Roman? Would you give foreigners (who are not armed, and not amongst us—who are not slaves—) the name of *hostes* (enemies)? That would grieve me. Ours is more than a work of reaction; we rise to sanction a great principle, we rise because it is time that Italy should enter the great arena for the progressive development of the law of God, and should play her part worthily.

Now, the following fact has for me almost as much importance as the rest, and it ought to be pointed out: we are the first in Europe to give an example of republican initiative, and shall we give it without perceiving or recognising it? I for my part have dreamed of the Italian revolution not only as a work of force, but as a work of sublime reason. I have dreamed of Italy taking the lead, for the third time, in the destinies of Europe, and taking it consciously, voluntarily, and intentionally. And this character of lofty philosophy, of a great mission, and of a high civilisation, confronting other nations, I intended to indicate by the word Humanity, upon which we should comment later in our writings. This word put us at once in the right light before the peoples of Europe. This word perhaps robbed France of the sceptre of civilisation. Besides, this was the device of the *Giovane Italia*, and without

concentrating all the insurrection in the Society, it denoted its directing influence to all cultured persons. As for the others, do you think that they would have followed us less eagerly on account of this word? The people know that Humanity means love of men, and consequently of their rights; they know that Christ came to die for Humanity; and perhaps Humanity is one of those few words which form the Gospel of the people, and which work upon their hearts without their even knowing what they understand by it. Add to this, that we shall join the Poles, the French, etc., and to all these patriots of other countries, who come to die with us and for us, shall we have no device to offer? Do we not wish to show that there is room for them under the shade of our banner? By placing Liberty, Equality, and Humanity on one side, and Unity on the other, we had said everything—everything!

I also adopt the cry of: *War on the barbarian!*—war to the knife—only I make a distinction different from yours; I believe that in our proclamations, our discourses, and above all in our deeds, we ought to inculcate the Italian hatred for the Teuton; but not in the banner. The Italian banner declares nothing except the belief that Italy is resuscitated. The banner speaks to Europe. The banner remains for all time. And on the first day that we raise it, it will only be before our brothers. When the Austrian comes, if my wishes can prevail on the day of battle, we will cover the tricolour of the Italian banner with a black veil. It ought not to glow except in victory. But when it floats over the towers of Genoa or of Alessandria, to represent the vows of young Italy reborn, why do you not wish it to speak words of Humanity, words of the destinies of Europe?

Do not say anything to me on this subject; I hardly allude here to my feelings, but they are identified with my very being and have penetrated into my soul; so that I

do not believe any human force could conquer them, without destroying the whole edifice which I have built up within me. But as I may be mistaken, as for some time in fact I have had a conviction that I may *very easily* be mistaken, and as my idea is subordinate (now especially) to the idea of even a few Italians, I yielded. That ought to be sufficient. I only wished to explain to you and Rosales, and to anyone else who may be of your opinion, the motives which led me to propose this device. You must warn me exactly how the banner proceeds, so that they may all be alike. This is essential.

. . . . . .

Farewell; love your brother

FILIPPO STROZZI.

Young Italy was a society founded by Mazzini in 1831 to focus the nationalist forces with the two-fold object of expelling the Austrians by means of a popular rising and of replacing the absolutist Italian Governments by a single democratic republic. He knew that he could count on the educated middle classes who were weary of the futility of the earlier Liberal movements, and he hoped that the masses would respond to a bold programme of social reform. He was confident of success, but on condition that the new movement became "a religion" with Duty as its watchword, and inspired the Italians to sacrifice life and all else to love of country. He hoped to fill them with his own superb faith in the destinies of Italy, and make Italy an example to the democratic forces of Europe. The society was necessarily a secret one, as any overt agitation would be stamped out by the Governments.

Strozzi was of course a feigned name, to elude the Italian censors who opened his letters.

II

To GIUDITTA SIDOLI—FLORENCE

GENEVA,
25th February, 1834.

MY DEAR,

I have received your letters of the 13th and of the 15th, and in the interval that of the 8th, and the long one of the 31st January.

What a number of letters in a few days!

I bless you a thousand times, my consoling angel, and I bless the chance which caused me to receive all these letters almost at the same time. *Dio mio!* I needed them, and still need them, since you are my life; all the rest is nothing but sorrow and misery. You speak to me with infinite love; there are words in your letter of the 15th which still, in spite of everything, made me thrill with joy. Do you know what that means for me in my present state of mind? I will tell you. Oh, never doubt me, or my love, or anything! You would be guilty towards me, if you were to do so, because I have measured all the force of my love during these last days. Even when exhausted and unconscious, I saw you before me all the same; I imagined that I was dying, and I thought of you.

And now, when with the exception of two friends, I can see no one without feeling an extraordinary sensation pass over me, and when I have fits of hatred for the human race, you stand before me, beautiful, loving, and adorable; and I clasp my hands and pray you to love me always. And then I ask myself what I have done to be loved by you. I am covering your tress of hair with kisses. You know that I always wear a tress of your hair on my heart; but I

took it off a little while ago, and at such a moment! If you only knew! I lost it—someone had taken it away with my coat, at the time of the defeat, together with a little poison that I keep by me—and I did not find it again till yesterday. You cannot think what a charm I attach to this souvenir of you! Now it is in my possession once more.

. . . . . .

If I could but have you here! If I could but embrace you, and sleep just once with my head resting against your knees!

. . . . . .

Farewell; write to all the addresses possible, except that of the merchant Hentsch, who now repudiates me.

I embrace you a thousand times.

GIUSEPPE.

Giuditta Sidoli was born of a noble Lombard family, and was widow of a patriot of Reggio. Mazzini came across her in his exile at Marseilles, and they became engaged. They were perhaps more friends than lovers, and when circumstances parted them for many years, they gradually drifted from one another, though Mazzini retained a strong affection for her, and they corresponded to the end of his life. She was a gracious, almost beautiful woman, unemotional, but with springs of enthusiasm and devotion.

III

To GASPARE ORDONO DE ROSALES

LAUSANNE,
25th July, 1834.

BROTHER,

. . . . . .

Life, confidence, and audacity are the secret of power nowadays. That which is now happening in Piedmont and

on the Neapolitan frontier would happen in Lombardy also, I am convinced, if it were of any use, and if all the émigrés, instead of carrying on an ineffective and dishonourable warfare, were to agree together to advance, to preach the same doctrine, and to spread papers and proclamations. In Italy, now as before, the conspirators must not fall back in those parts where they cannot take the initiative, or when they are faced by imprisonment; but must raise their eyes to Heaven and advance with their minds fixed on the *star* of the Italy of the future; as I do when the figure of my Jacopo confronts me. And even if the present generation wishes us nothing but ill, future generations may understand us, and it matters little even if they never do so. Ours is a secret between our own conscience and God. And do not those of the present generation (even those who are most dear to me) accuse me of ambition? And future generations will also accuse me of this over my grave, if they ever speak of me, because it is the only revenge that indifferent men can take upon those who are zealous. Nevertheless, I to my misfortune am born of a clay insensible to praise, and perhaps to blame; to praise certainly, except a word of encouragement from someone to whom I am much attached, and this word of encouragement I have never received, never! I have never felt emotion at the applause which has been given me by some, and I do not understand ambition except as a low and contemptible egoism, contrary to my beliefs, my feelings, and my designs. However, if I ever have the opportunity, men will see how I shall live.

Do not trouble about anything but the intention, as this is the only way in which we can hope to do something for our Italy. To return to ourselves, there is a slight improvement in the affairs at home, and if we continue to show ourselves aroused, it will increase. We must watch for the

moment in which some deed reveals the nullity of the intentions of the Quadruple Alliance and of the Neapolitan constitutional monarchy. Such a moment, if I am not mistaken, will arrive in a month or two; and then, if we have convinced everyone that we are aroused and that we possess a strong vitality, and if we have prepared the ground as far as possible, we shall be able to seize that moment and to get great results from it; because the reaction natural to men's minds after the first stupor will produce indignation, and will lead them back to us.

Therefore act, and courageously. . . .

STROZZI.

Mazzini, exiled from Italy and France, took refuge in Switzerland in 1833, but even there had to be in hiding. His first attempt at a rising, in North Italy, had collapsed miserably, and the sense of failure, together with solitude, ill-health, and poverty, made his life a very unhappy one. It was only his creed of Duty, helped by the influence of a few friends, that saved his brain and character from disease. It was at this time that he wrote some of his most living essays on political and moral philosophy, and also the essay on music which anticipated Wagner.

IV

To PIETRO GIANNONE—PARIS

LAUSANNE,
July, 1834.

DEAR FRIEND,

. . . . . .

. . . There has been such a long silence between us, and so many disappointments have irritated (wrongly)

the minds of others against our business, and made mine suspicious (also wrongly perhaps), that I dare not ask your opinion. I believe we should have to live together for some time before understanding each other; and then I should not be afraid of baring my whole soul to you, and of explaining to you the idea which is harassing it, an idea for the development of which neither my strength nor the time at my disposal suffices. Nor yet does my intellect suffice, worn out as it is by misfortune, by despair about my individual life and affections, by the strife which I am forced to maintain with an intrepid mien, although with a torn heart, by material occupations, and also by the consciousness of having failed in my duty during the last action. I was not myself any more; I was out of health, exhausted by cold and fatigue, and by sleepless nights; these causes, however, do not excuse me in my own eyes for not having died on the soil of Savoy; neither does the necessity which was imposed upon me by the vote of the Savoyards and many Italian provinces, and by the avarice of others who would only give to one who had a *name*, excuse me in my own eyes for having entrusted the fate of an ill-judged expedition to a man whom I myself distrusted. I am not ashamed to acknowledge this to you, who are amongst the few whom I esteem. But ought I to have retired because I was culpable? To have retired when no one else rose up to take my place? I should have called down blessings on the head of any Italian who had suggested that I should withdraw from the enterprise, and that he would take my place. But no one suggested this, the one thing that ought to have been suggested; and I heard instead most men declaring that the *Giovane Italia* ought to withdraw: i.e. that a *principle* ought to be given up, because an attempt had not succeeded. Then I resolved to remain, and to try to find a remedy for the harm done, and

to profit as best we might by this failure. I had had the idea of the *Giovane Europa* for a long while, ever since I laid the basis of the *Giovane Italia*, and the occasion for founding it seemed to me to have now arrived, before the exiles who were gathered round us should disperse. I wished to sow the seeds at least of this idea in the mind of others. Will it develop? I do not know; certainly not as I should wish. The *Giovane Europa* is in my idea very different from a sect; I should like to have a competition, an association of intellects; studies applied to all the branches of social activity; deep and concentrated research concerning the languages, races, and historical origin of the different peoples; to seek in these the mission that each new epoch assigns to divers nations, and to deduce from these the future ordering of Europe, which will certainly not be the present one of kings. I should like to have a community of intellectuals, who without occupying themselves with the material work of conspiracy, would superintend the general direction of the European movement. I should like to have a monthly journal, which would elucidate the beginning of the new epoch, treating of the cause of all nations, and more especially of those less known, such as Hungary, Bohemia, the Tyrol, and Greece now reborn, besides of many others which will play an important part in the Political Map of the Europe of the Peoples. I should like to have a treasury, and travellers, and endless other means; and beneath all this, a secret conspiracy for making an insurrection. These ideas will probably never come to pass. But there is one thing which seems to me of great moment, and which the *Giovane Europa* will attain at least in part, and that is *the emancipation from France* (I mean from the exclusive influence exercised until now by France over all ideas and movements, which has had such ruinous consequences), and an increase of national spirit, a conviction

that we are upon the eve of a new epoch, that France has concluded the last, but not *initiated* this one, that the soil is now virgin, and all may start out upon it, but the first who starts out successfully will be the *initiating* People of the new epoch. You understand what I dream for Italy, and you understand why from the beginning I added to the motto of the *Giovane Italia*: *"Liberty and Equality,"* the word *Humanity*. A new term to be explained, a new epoch, a new initiative, new initiating peoples, are ideas which link themselves together.

Meanwhile I feel myself weaker every day, and not equal to the idea. With the enthusiasm of the virgin soul, my mental powers, whatever they may have been, are failing, whilst the few intellectual men in Italy are subjugated and intimidated by terror, and the very few amongst the émigrés either mask themselves in indifference (I do not know why), or vegetate in individualism, or else are corrupted by the infamous atmosphere of Paris. You have bad health, and the others who, although intellectual, might help, do not understand either the century, or Europe, or the Italian initiative. They either smile and think of something else, or if they are of a political turn of mind, they combat ideas obstinately and blindly, out of punctilio of sect, and call us imprudent, and even dangerous men, as they once called us aristocrats. I who am always condemned to perceive an ideal of men, co-operation, brotherhood, and progress, which I cannot attain, drag myself along in an atmosphere filled with strife, sects, and the murmurs of individuals, hardly able to indicate vaguely and by fits and starts that which I should like to explain clearly, thoroughly, and at length; chafing with impatience behind my visions of an Italy for which the Italians do not seem to care; saying hard things of life, but using it up nevertheless with a certain sense of pleasure; attempting enterprises

which could not be carried out unless one lived to a hundred; having substituted the cold and grave idea of a fatal duty necessary to be fulfilled for the immense enthusiasm which I felt at first. I think, work, write, and speak without any enjoyment, without being moved by praise or blame, without motions of human affection; a condition which I cannot describe, understood perhaps by only two persons amongst all those who know me, and which I ardently desire to change by some kind of action; as I cannot live much longer, and should like to end well and if possible usefully for my Country. . . .

I do not want you to tire yourself for me, but write when you have leisure, and I shall be grateful. Love me meanwhile as a brother and a friend.

STROZZI.

V

To GASPARE ORDONO DE ROSALES

LAUSANNE,
22nd August, 1834.

BROTHER,

I know of your misfortune, and am writing you a word or two, not to comfort you (what comfort could I give you?), but I feel that I must tell you how I sympathise with you in this sorrow, which I (being accustomed for some time to tremble for those whom I love) feel most deeply, and how I pity you and *should like* to be able to comfort you at any price. We few exiles, that is, the few of us who are worth anything, as we may say now in the midst of our grief, are condemned to suffer, you see. Life for us has to be a strife, a tissue of grief and deceptions. We feel too

intensely, our minds are too prone to love, for fate not to make a butt of us. We have made the people's cause ours; we have spontaneously taken into our hearts the sorrows of a whole generation; a nation is incarnate in us. The nations sigh and suffer; and shall we be spared? No, it cannot be so. We have seized the spark from the Eternal One, and have placed ourselves between Him and the nations; we have assumed the part of Christ, as emancipators, and God has accepted us. Now, in these few years that remain to us, we are but the victims of expiation; we suffer for all. I accustom myself, or try to accustom myself, to look our misfortunes in the face with the smile of him who foresees them, and foreseeing them, has already suffered before they arrive. I count our sorrows, and ask myself how many are still left to complete my share of expiation? There is one thing that they are unable to take from us: our final repose. We shall die, and may our death be at least as fine as the sacrifice that we impose upon ourselves! Then, perhaps, when the trial is over, we shall live on love: our souls will live and will smile at the past, at the misfortunes of our brief life upon earth, as at a dream, a vanished nightmare; they will certainly smile, as one smiles on waking from a nightmare; they will smile at one another, in the security of a peace that knows no interruption, and no separation—a tremendous word, which I cannot pronounce without trembling. Meanwhile, love her, love her as an angel, as one who no longer knows our sorrows or any terrors for the future; love her with the worship that one gives to the dead, as if God had wished to place a part of you in Heaven, as a link between you and the spirit-world. Life is sorrow. Who knows if one day she would not have had to weep, as you are doing, over your death for the Country? Who knows if she would not have had to curse life for you and for herself? Nowadays there is

such danger in living, such agony in these vital movements, that when I see a child, quiet, smiling, and peaceful, I can wish him nothing but to die soon. I feel then that there is something beyond the confines of our world; and our love which does not cease when looking on a corpse is an indication to me of this uncertainty. Love her then, but do not say: *she is lost*; she is living the life of the soul, and perhaps the first emotion, the first sweet sensation which will come to you in the midst of your sorrow will be a kiss of hers, as she hovers around you. You must take care of yourself for the sake of our Country and for the sake of the place where she rests. You must see it one day, and must not destroy your health and wear yourself out before having seen it. I have not the heart to speak of anything else to-day, not even the Country. Matters are improving. Press your companion's hand for me; I sympathise with her also, but I say nothing to her, because the grief of a mother is sacred to me.

Love your friend
STROZZI.

VI

To PAOLO PALLIA—PARIS

LAUSANNE,
15th September, 1834.

BROTHER,

I have yours of the 8th. It is not possible for me to write at length on the subject of your letter. You will certainly not think, however, that I wish to avoid disputes, or that I do not appreciate your convictions as they deserve, or do not pay sufficient heed to them; that assuredly is not

so, and you are wrong in thinking that your frankness could ever offend me. If you knew what a religion truth is for me! And how conviction inspires me with respect, if not with confidence! But this is not a question to be solved by a few letters—neither have I the time for discussion, pressed as I am by a thousand cares for my dreams of an Italian initiative—but if I ever have time, I confess that I shall write a small volume; not to be published, however, unless a republican revolution has begun. For the moment, this last reaction in favour of Christianity is necessary, as far as I see and understand, and I admit that it is useful. A true knowledge of Christianity, of its nature and its mission, will result from this study. In my opinion, reform ought naturally to precede the conquest of the "independence, liberty, and equality" of political dogma; thus I think that the political synthesis, or at least a gleam of this synthesis, ought to precede in the new epoch and in new Europe the manifestation of the religious synthesis of the epoch. Formerly there were *individual* rights, and it was natural that the individual should emancipate himself first, constituting himself the *instrument* which was to obtain an application of those rights to the political branch. Now it is the contrary; the social synthesis is in question, the *instrument* is no longer the *individual*, but the *People*. Hence it is necessary that the People, which has to conquer the religious formula, should be reconstituted; hence the political revolution must precede the religious one. Only you know that I have always said: the vanguard, the lost sentinels of Humanity, the *intelligent men*, ought to begin proclaiming that they see *the new land*, and the new law; and I should have imagined you to be amongst these, and I still imagine that you will be amongst them later. Meanwhile, as you believe (although I am really doing nothing) that my efforts ought to help on the triumph of Christianity,

I believe that yours ought to help on the triumph of the new synthesis—of the *social* synthesis—of philosophy become religion. Because (I do not deny it) my harmonised duality is precisely this harmonising of philosophy with religion: two things which hitherto have been at strife, and which will end in fellowship. Yours, although you do not perceive it, is an eclecticism and nothing more; your *quid tertium*, neither *Catholic* nor *primitive* (two divisions on which I should have much to say), is a Utopia, or rather a chimera; you do not see that what you call *primitive* is in reality nothing else but Christianity in the soul—not a social form; that the second epoch, i.e. Catholicism, is precisely the application of Christianity to Society; and that the Reformation (cynical, whatever you may say) came precisely to say to Christianity: "*You are not susceptible of social application, of material unity; because yours is an individual formula and nothing else; stay in your own sphere.*" I perceive that we regard reformation and everything from different points of view.

Just see where you arrive: "Christianity is an eternal religion! The *only* religious Synthesis!" And the human race before Christianity? Pray how do you comprehend God, if you admit that He gave the only and eternal synthesis some thousands of years after the race was created? And the unity of the thought of God? A progressive law at the beginning, and an eternal synthesis afterwards? But come, you go too far: as I believe with you in continual Progress, there ought not to be anything but a question of time between us; but to the negation of a new synthesis, whenever it may come, I can never agree. "*Christianity makes a fundamental article of its perfection and its eternity: thus you cannot say it is not all the truth without destroying it.*" But come, this will not do either. Christianity had to call itself perfect and eternal (and I admit it also); but when has

Christianity ever pretended to be a *social* religion? There lies the question. Christianity is the formula of the *individual*, and as such is eternal and perfect in my opinion, because no one can annihilate the formula; it means liberty and equality; and who can ever exclude these two conditions, which form the basis of all progress, from the progress of the future? Christianity, then, will remain; only beneath this formula we seek another, the social one. Where is the contradiction? Tell me, with your hand on your heart, my Corso; have you anything to oppose to the hurried, disjointed, and almost jesting arguments, which I thrust into my letters (the result nevertheless of profound convictions), and which you (allow me to say) are rather apt to evade in your replies? Do not some of the things that I say, if you think over them seriously, throw doubt into your soul?

As to what you quote to me about miracles and the resurrection of Christ, etc., I will not argue *now*; but I confess that it seems strange to me that you should consider them historically proved beyond refutation.

Joking apart, others will come to support my ideas without knowing that I had them. I, more than probably, shall die without having seen them carried out, because I am conscious of my mission and its duration, and feel sure that I shall not be the one to make the war. Truth will have its way. But I shall not lay the foundation-stone of the edifice. I have no future; I have foreseen, but it is not given to me to do anything besides; therefore I still devote my days to a work very inferior to that which I should have wished, the material preparation of the instrument. I am neither more nor less than a political revolutionary, and I resign myself to it. If I could at least be that, and draw this Italy which I love out of the mire where she lies, placing her at liberty before her destiny, and saying: *now achieve it!*

I write, as you may see, to Gioberti. Writing to everyone

begins to weigh upon me; I have moments of *spleen*, of individualism, when I rebel; and at such moments it seems to me as if I degrade myself, and make Italian liberty degrade itself, because if you only knew how many letters (and to so-called intelligent persons), are quite useless !

These are moments of irritation, however, caused by all that I have suffered during the last three years, and that is more than you can believe or know, or will ever know. Then I come round again, and when I see a little use, and a sort of duty, I give way and write. . . .

STROZZI.

VII

To FÉLICITÉ DE LAMENNAIS—LA CHÊNAIE

12th October, 1834.

SIR,

. . . . . .

You declare that you are convinced that Italy in her present condition is incapable of emancipating herself politically by her own strength. And it is just this idea which, when preached and diffused, has taken all the strength out of the attempts at emancipation. You condemn to impotence twenty-six million men, who have the Alps, the Apennines, and the Sea for their bases of defence, and who have three thousand years of great memories to elevate their minds. You wrest from Italy any mission on earth, since without spontaneity a mission does not exist; without consciousness of liberty, liberty does not exist; and without the conquest of emancipation by her own strength, consciousness of liberty does not exist.

Italy is not wanting in strength, Sir; she has enough to

overcome obstacles twice as serious as those that we have before us now. Italy is wanting in faith; not faith in liberty, equality, and love—that faith is manifested in her continual protests—but faith in the possible realisation of those ideas, faith in God who is the protector of violated Right, faith in her own latent strength, and in her own sword. Italy has not faith in her own people, in the masses, who were never called into the arena; she has not faith in that unity of mission, of desire, and of suffering which could make the first victory a lever powerful enough to cause the whole peninsula to rise; she has not faith in the vigour unknown till now of *principles*, which never shone on the eyes of the people, and were never before invoked, but which will direct, I hope, our first enterprise for the conquest of liberty. But this faith, the only thing in which she is wanting, is dawning whilst we write; it rises from the lessons of 1830 and 1831, about which Italy is meditating; it begins to reveal itself amongst the ranks of enlightened youth, from which it will descend little by little to the masses; and you must not doubt that it will progress, because it takes the character of a religious belief. Observe, Sir, the spiritual tendencies which are being revived, the immense risks which are faced to read our writings, the enthusiasm aroused by your sublime and ardent pages, our attempts constantly repeated in spite of their want of success, our apostles and our martyrs. Now, this dawning faith, this faith in action, which draws its strength from above, and is endeavouring to descend amongst the masses, was wanting till now in the strife, and was never weighed in the balance of revolutionary action in Italy. Men, however, have died in Italy for centuries for the sake of an instinct of independence, of rebellion, and of an ill-defined future; but for the last two years men have been dying in Savoy, Genoa, Turin, Alessandria, and Naples for the *Giovane Italia*, for oaths sworn to

the people, for a conviction that Italy can regenerate herself by her own strength. And when this faith, this new principle, shines over a banner which is both National and Humanitarian, who can say that it will succumb?

Do not judge of our future by our past, Sir. There is an abyss between them. All our former revolutionary attempts failed, but they were the work of a military and aristocratic caste, and were meant for the benefit of a caste; all drew back before the regenerating word of great revolutions: *God and the People*; all sacrificed the sublime dogma of Equality to I know not what mean hopes, all were suffocated at their birth by breach of faith. And this breach of faith, which alienated the people, and drove youth to scepticism, was inevitable; it had been placed at the summit of the edifice, consisting of a diplomatic plan, a prince's promise, or some foreign aid, substituted for battles for the sake of a cause. Men were always under the dominion of a cold school of individualism, which froze all noble thoughts, all great ideas of renewal, enthusiasm, and sacrifice, in a materialistic analysis. And given a false principle, all its fatal consequences had to be borne. On account of this false principle, all—friends and enemies alike—cried to Italy: *Your sons have not sufficient strength to work out your deliverance.* No one dared to say: *Rise up, powerful in energy and devotion, for you must place your hope in none but your sons and God.*

The regeneration of Italy cannot be brought about by the deeds of others. Regeneration exacts faith; faith must have works; and the works must be her own, and not merely an imitation of the works of others. And besides, how can you put any love into a liberty not won by sacrifice? How can a strong and lasting love of liberty exist where there is not dignity in individuals and in nations? And how

can dignity of individuals and nations exist where liberty bears upon its brow the sign of the benefice of others? Action creates action. A single initiative act is more fertile in moral progress for a fallen people than a dozen insurrections which are brought about by external action or diplomatic manœuvres.

I am endeavouring to spread my belief by every possible means. I meet with serious obstacles, but I am not discouraged. For some years I have renounced everything which could throw even a shadow of happiness on my life here on earth. Far from my mother and sisters, and from all those who are dear to me, the best friend of my youthful days lost in prison, and for other reasons known to myself alone, I have despaired as to my individual life, and have said to myself: "You will die persecuted and misunderstood before half your course is run." I should certainly never have had the power to weather the storm and resign myself if this great idea of Italian regeneration carried out by the country's own strength had not given me the baptism of faith. Destroy it, and for what or for whom should I fight? Why should I strive, if Italy cannot rise except after a great French insurrection?

I felt deeply grieved, Sir, when after having wept and smiled over the last verses of your Chapter XVIII, and said to myself: "Here is a man who will understand us"; and after having written to you from the depths of my soul with the enthusiasm and frankness of a boundless faith, I heard from your lips, instead of the comforting words for which I had hoped, that you only send to my countrymen the cold advice which it has been my fate to hear so often from diplomatists and false prophets: "Remain inactive, and wait: perhaps deliverance will come to you from the north, perhaps from the west, from Germany or from the Iberian peninsula." But I had read in your inspired pages

that liberty would shine upon us when each one of us has said to himself: "I choose to be free"; when, in order to become free, each one of us is ready to sacrifice and suffer everything. Must I acknowledge that so far we have not been ready to sacrifice and suffer as much as we ought? I am aware of it; but because our soul is now still enveloped in doubt, are we never to possess certainty? Because we are now wanting in faith, must we despair of the future? I did not ask you to give us the signal of battle; I merely asked you to give Italy what you have given Poland, a comment on the words that I have just quoted from your book. You reprove us, as a prophet, for our vices, our weaknesses, our divisions, and our want of zeal; but you say at the same time: "The day when you have reformed yourselves and have all become brothers will be the day of your emancipation. When you wish in earnest, you must no longer fear your enemies nor exact any help from your friends in achieving the conquest."

Farewell, Sir. Believe in my immense esteem. Without it, I should not have ventured to speak to you with such complete frankness.

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

Lamennais was the famous democratic priest who wrote *The Words of a Believer* and *The Book of the People*. Mazzini admired and loved him, and they corresponded for many years, but his affection found little response. His *Words of a Believer* inspired Mazzini's *Duties of Man*.

VIII

To GIUDITTA SIDOLI—NAPLES

SOLEURE,
27th October, 1834.

MY DEAR,

My angel, my well-beloved, I have received yours, No. 2. Say what you will, I wrote to you the day before yesterday, and I am writing to you to-day, and if you do not wish me to write to you so frequently you must not write to me any more as you do.

Think—I am not there; I cannot throw myself into your arms, and cover you with kisses, and make you grow troubled and weep. I can do nothing of all this—plague take it—nothing! A kiss would mean heaven for me, it would be a renewal of existence, an epoch in my life; and I cannot have one, or hope for one—perhaps never in my life shall I have one again. You and I are pursued by fate; sea, mountains, human beings, everything unites to keep us apart, and to oppress us both. Our future is dark; my sky is grey, leaden, and heavy like the Swiss sky at this moment. It sometimes weighs upon my mind, like a tombstone on the dead. I employ myself, and try to raise myself into an ideal sphere, making a cloak, an armour, of my misfortunes and of my very isolation. I try to get the better of myself by sacrifice, but do not succeed. I do all that duty imposes upon me, but what has duty in common with my heart? Nothing is of any use, nothing affects it—blame, praise, success, disappointment, what difference does all that make in my *real* life? I pursue an idea, but this idea does not represent anything to me *personally*. I go and come amongst men, from a

motive not indicated either by you or by me; but I am a stranger to them—such a stranger, that if you could read in my soul, you would not feel the least mistrust or displeasure at what I am doing. I follow a path on which I must continue to the end, but I follow it with my head and my mind only, for my heart is absent from it; my heart has quite a different life, extraneous to all that, and thirsting for love and the joys of love.

When I turn my eyes towards the South—*there* is love, *there* is life, there is the woman who filled my heart with herself the moment she appeared, the woman who made me feel what I had never felt before; and this woman is far away, she is no longer anything but a dear, adorable, sacred, but veiled, image—and like Schiller's poet, I cannot raise the veil without dying.

If she has been with me and has not felt happiness, I would nevertheless have paid with my life's blood for one instant of happiness for her—of complete happiness, of that fulness of happiness which gives to him who loves a right to lay bare his own love and his own heart entirely, which breaks through every restraint with its fiery language, and setting him free from every burden and every sad thought, enables him to reveal himself as he is, to destroy every doubt, and to do away with all wrong interpretations, all the bitter ideas which sometimes caused a kind of barrier between us—only because of doubts—and because you believed that my ideas and beliefs might have more influence over me than *you* had. An error, a lie, a blasphemy, I assure you, but it was fated to be so, and you were not happy. Then, when I think of all this, alone in my room at night, leaning my head on my hand as you say, night descends into my soul, and thoughts of despair, a mute, cold, unknown, unexplained, and inexplicable despair, dart through me

like blood-red flashes, and pierce me like a dagger. No more happiness, no more love. The source of my individual life is poisoned, the flower of my soul has fallen off withered before having unfolded itself to the sunshine. My existence is a failure; the only person whom I should have wished to make happy has not been so, is not so, and never will be so; the only person in whom I should have wished to see my happiness mirrored at all hours of the day is not here, and cannot be here, and perhaps ought not to be here—perhaps I should tremble—I could summon her, but will not. The only person whom I should have wished to have at my side, as an inspiring and approving angel, vibrating with me, smiling at my thoughts, participating in my sorrows, joys, and sufferings, in my dreams for my Country, and in my ideas for redeeming it, this person is not here; and all my individual thoughts seem to her to be in antagonism with my love, because I have not been able to make her happy, and she has not been able to penetrate into my heart and read there that all my comfort consists in her. Oh, my friend, if you only knew what it meant to dream of all that during the night, in a room by oneself, and to look at the future as if it were enclosed in this very room, whilst one feels that it is far away! Then I am seized by fits of dizziness and strange ideas—the day before yesterday, for instance, I wanted to write foolish things to you, which would have made you weep; I wanted to say: "Renounce me, my Giuditta, renounce this love; of what use is it to you? *Dio mio!* You are so good and so beautiful that you have a right to be happy; and what have I been for you? Confess it; only an obstacle in your path, a thorn in your flesh, one more fatal thing in your life—isn't this true? Well, renounce me: suffocate this love, this inexplicable longing, and root it up, since I have done nothing to deserve it. Go and be free—perhaps

you will find—oh horror!—the man who can make you happy still; and I shall live till then, and shall love you always as I love you at this moment. If I was not able to give you happiness, at least I do not wish to cause you sorrow later; and when I could believe you happier and consequently forgetful, I would think of some way of putting an end to myself, without shame and without weakness." I wanted to write this to you, in the torment of my thoughts; and I tell you of it now, because it is past. And then, then you come to me, you appear before me, my angel, with one of your letters, with one of your ineffable smiles, with one of those phrases which you alone know how to turn, with one of those caresses which would make my very ashes thrill; like a ray of sunlight dispersing all the clouds. You take me by the hand and draw me out of this sphere of Faust, this sphere of remorse, into another sphere, pure, serene, and azure as the sky which is now glowing above your head. And then, when I no longer see anything but you in this world—you and your love—you ask me, speaking so softly into my ear: "Is it not true that there is still happiness for you?" and I answer you: "Yes, yes, there is, I have blasphemed, do not pay any attention to me; love me and tell me so with your angelic sweetness; I will pass through life as along a flowery path, and will love you so much that I shall feel happy in spite of reality—my soul will follow you as its star, and as long as I do not lose sight of you, as long as you do not withdraw yourself from my eyes, as long as your love remains to me, I will confront everything for its sake, and I will still find a smile of happiness and pride to give as an answer to the world, to the past, the present, and the threats of the future. Yes, I have received your letter, and the sun still shines for me—it is happiness to love and to be loved. Did you not tell me that I fascinated you?

Did you not find the secret of still adding something to all that you had already said? I am content; bless you for bringing a lasting delight into my life, bless you for loving me, and for telling me so! Bless you and your children, whom you bless together with me in laying down your pen.

If it were only for this letter, I should love you always, always, and should be happy in doing so; I kiss your letter a thousand times. I took up my pen and wished to write you all this as it rose from my heart, and I am not going to read any of it over. Whatever you may find in it, I should be very sorry if you did not thrill with joy at my love, very sorry if the emotion which your love gives me—an emotion made up entirely of happiness, satisfaction, and life—did not permeate all the poor stuff that I have thought and written. Farewell, my best-beloved, my angel, my adored Giuditta—Till to-morrow.

GIUSEPPE.

IX

To HIS MOTHER—GENOA

BERNE,
30th January, 1835.

DEAREST AUNT,

. . . . . .

The things that I said in such and such a letter about men and money and egoism are only too true, and I have thoroughly understood this subject for a long time. I have weighed both my own heart and that of others, and that of the few who are worth having. Woe to him who does not know that he is sinful! Woe to him who does

not know that he is tyrannical! He will infallibly be a victim. Egoism undermines most men—open or secret warfare is the actual sign. However, I differ from others in the consequences which I deduce from it—My uncle, out of love for me, and many others from various reasons, say: "Draw back, separate yourself from the enterprise, resign yourself to inaction, think of yourself, it is folly to endeavour to do good with fundamentally bad elements." I say instead: "Must good men be sacrificed? Be it so! We shall not be either the first or the last." In this life it is not a question of determining our actions by those of others; but by our conscience and what we believe to be our duty. Because men are egoists, must we be the same? Then what right should we have to criticise others, and to pretend that we were virtuous? Life is a mission—Virtue is sacrifice—I know nothing beyond these two maxims. If these were taken away, I should become an atheist, a libertine, a rogue, a Don Juan, a Timon of Athens, or worse. During the four years that I have been suffering and thinking, these two maxims have taken root in my heart and form my gospel. If life is not a mission, if it has not a motive, what is it? Why has God given it us? If virtue is not sacrifice, what is it? I have examined all the virtues: deprive them of the element of sacrifice, and they are hypocrisy, vanity, or bare words. Sacrifice alone is blessed—Christ has said it in words and deeds—and we have not to cast our cross into the mire because it is too heavy. Better be victims than executioners. Let us work for good, and not trouble over anything besides. If all those, few as they are, who agree with me in their heart, and are theoretically of my opinion, were with me in practice also, and would work as I do, instead of drawing back, things would go very differently, believe me.

Bad men can overcome their faults; but the indifferent?

Those who see the good, and yet do nothing to further it? Those who have a faith, and dare not write it on their brow? They are the great obstacle to the improvement which we seek.

What a lot of moralising, you will say; and it is true. How on earth did it enter my head to write all this to you, who in fact agree with me? . . . .

Love me and believe me ever your most affectionate niece

EMILIA.

"Aunt" and "nephew" stand for mother and son. For some years Mazzini could not write to Italy under his own name, as his letters would have been confiscated by the police.

Mazzini's mother was a capable and devoted woman, with a good deal of sympathy for Mazzini's opinions and actions. There was a very strong love between her and her son, and Mazzini made her the confidante of his private and public life. He felt it very bitterly that his proscription by the Government made it impossible for him to go to Genoa and see her. He did not see her again before the revolution of 1848. She died in 1852. The father was a doctor of repute and professor in the University. Democrat though he was, he had no sympathy for his son's revolutionary plans, and did not spare his criticisms.

X

To ELISA MANDROT—LAUSANNE

GRENCHEN,
3rd May, 1835.

MY DEAR ELISA,

You have lost my letters, but I have not lost your ribbon. Does that mean that I shall remember my young sister when Elisa will no longer have any recollection of her new brother?

I do not think so; and anyway, I am at that age, that point of life, when nothing is forgotten, when little memories, the least traces of tender feelings, and the smallest tokens of affection are enclosed in one's heart, and kept with care. One is conscious that life is going, that it has been very barren, that one has nourished more affections in one's heart than one has received, and the future begins to frighten one, like a great desert that must be crossed. And you, my pretty little Elisa, are at that age when one easily forgets, in thoughtlessness; because life is developing like a flower which opens to the sun, and the smile of the day that is dawning cancels the smile of the day that dies. You cannot understand this yet, but you will one day.

But I do not wish you to forget your brother, and for this reason I write to you again, and send you a little flower that is called *Vergissmeinnicht*; ask Mamma what those words mean. I picked it myself, a minute ago, little as it was and hidden on the bank of the stream; and when it reaches you, it will be all crushed and faded; it will no longer have any scent, or such beautiful bright colours; but you must not despise it for that. It is just to remind you that in the midst of gay young things you must not forget those who are sad, pale, and faded like me. An affectionate remembrance, you see, is precious in this world; there always comes a moment when one feels the want of finding it again. Do not forget that.

You will always remember me, then, Elisa, and I you; it is understood. One day, when you are tall and beautiful like your sisters, in rummaging amongst your souvenirs, your gowns and ribbons, you will find these lines and this little dead flower; and then you will turn thoughtful for a moment, and putting your finger to your brow, will ask yourself: "Who sent me this?" And all of a sudden you

will remember. Perhaps I shall then be like this flower; but if I am not, and if I can be sure that when you remember you will not throw away letter and flower as useless old rubbish, but will put it back in its place in your writing-table, it will give me pleasure. Believe this, and always love

Your new brother
GIUSEPPE.

During his Swiss wanderings Mazzini found refuge for a time at Lausanne in the home of a friendly lawyer, de Mandrot. One of the daughters, Madeleine, a younger sister of Elisa, a girl of sixteen, fell passionately in love with him. Mazzini's affection to her was probably nearer passion than to any other woman, but he felt bound in honour to Giuditta Sidoli, and he refused to admit more than a brother-and-sisterly relationship. When Mazzini moved to London, Madeleine pined with absence and hopeless love, and apparently did not survive long.

XI

To HIS MOTHER—GENOA

GRENCHEN,
17th November, 1835.

DEAREST AUNT,

I have received yours of the 9th. The weather is much as usual. We are surrounded on all sides by snow, and consequently it is cold. No news, and I have nothing to say. The crows are walking about as usual, and remind me of exactly the same scene last year. Except for the inconvenience of the locality, the delay in getting news, etc., we are very comfortable as far as material things go. Absolutely isolated; which suits us for a hundred thousand

reasons. Besides, the family gives us all the affection of which the Swiss are capable; they are a very cold race, and self-centred to a degree. Of course we pay, and all the friendship in the world does not affect the exactitude of the bills; but this must be so. In everything else we are considered as part of the family. The people are kind, and we are kind to them. One of our religious-political beliefs is the abolition of domestic service, i.e. the rehabilitation of the class called servants—a class which like other enslaved people, the Jews, and all classes deprived of human rights and treated exceptionally by the present organisation of society, has necessarily become depraved—egoistic, without affection, and hostile to its masters. When you wish to make a man better, emancipate him: make him your equal, raise him up, give him a consciousness of himself. The slave, or he who is like a slave, is always depraved, and must be so. Domestic service, as it is understood and practised nowadays, must disappear, must become a lending of service with remuneration, a contract on an equal base, like all other contracts; it must not have in it any trace of humiliation. Beyond the execution of the contract, domestic servants have to be men, to have the education of men, and the brotherhood of men. As everything that is an article of faith with us becomes practice also, I and the cousin who lives with me have always done away with every trace of authority. I have always said: "I should like such a thing," as I should say to a friend or companion. The family consists of three brothers, three sisters, father, and mother. The two latter are personages who do not speak, as they only know a Swiss *patois*. One of the brothers is a doctor, and cultured. The others direct the establishment, and occupy themselves with the business of the house, the baths, the hotel, the tavern for the peasants, the kitchen, the little

factory, etc. We are served by them at table. The girls do the rooms in turn; they light the fires for us, clean up, etc. All this goes by rule. But in everything else we treat them as we should treat anyone who did not serve us. We sit at the fire for half an hour or so with them, and speak of everything, being polite to them, and jokingly saying to the girls that they are sisters to us in our exile, etc. All this raises them in their own estimation. They think highly of us, and this intercourse improves them; so much so that one of the girls especially (according to someone who knew her two years ago) has become disinterested (a cardinal virtue in Switzerland), and capable of nobler sentiments than her surroundings would imply. I have always employed the same manner, and must say that I have been well served everywhere, besides being liked into the bargain. Here the day of our departure will be one of grief for the family. My cousin is a great favourite; on his birthday they put sheaves of flowers in his room—the same for me. I tell you all this, partly just to chatter, and partly to show you that, as far as our situation allows it, we are enjoying material comforts.

Embrace my sisters and my uncle for me, and love

your most affectionate niece

EMILIA.

XII

To HIS MOTHER—GENOA

GRENCHEN,
6th April, 1836.

DEAREST AUNT,

. . . . . .

The lines which my father wrote to me, and which I will answer, contain many truths. You must not think

that I have any illusions as to what men are; I have had too much to do with them not to know them. But the work which we are doing in the world is not being done with the idea of immediate success, or in the hope of winning love and gratitude. It is being done because our heart dictates it; and in the fulfilment of what we believe to be our duty, without caring for the consequences; it is being done because, however bad men may be, we have to act worthily, come what may.

This is an epoch of destruction, of moral anarchy, of want of faith; but anarchy cannot last. The times which preceded Christianity were similar to these in disorder and immorality; but out of that mire appeared a new world. And from this which we are now treading there will issue, believe me, another world, another society, still more advanced than that. However, perhaps we shall not see it. That may be; but is it a reason for us to remain inert, and not to bring our little contribution to the great pyramid? We set much store by intellectual and moral education; now the education of a child reveals its effect after a few years, but the education of nations, of a whole generation, cannot do so: the effects are insensible, but infallible. Besides, it is our fault that things go so slowly, the fault of the progressive party, which is full of divisions, contradictions, and fears. The fears of the opposition would be nothing if men would hold together, and decide upon acting.

. . . . . .

EMILIA

XIII

To LUIGI AMEDEO MELEGARI—Lausanne

Grenchen,
14th April, 1836.

Dear Friend,

I have yours of the 6th. Whether I still love Giuditta Sidoli? Unhappy that I am, when I love it is for ever;—and the device of the *Giovane Italia* is there, to show that in my system of morals, constancy stands at the summit, as the necessary complement of all virtues and affections. I shall probably never see her again; and I resign myself to it, since life is finished for me. But all my thoughts and dreams which once turned on the idea of embracing her again and of our living together, are now concentrated on the desire that she may embrace her children again. On this account I speculate about an amnesty, and about things which once made me laugh. Do you not think that the Duke will grant one some day, for women at least? . . .

. . . As you rightly remark, the *true union* of Switzerland is a dream, as long as the radical differences now existing in religious matters are maintained. However, these are beginning to wear out; there are certain symptoms which show that the faith in that which *is*, is diminishing; it is on this account that we must prepare the way for that which *will be*, so that the void should not last too long. But how can you, who are dominated by mean, false, anti-humanitarian, and anti-progressive ideas, understand all this? You who, out of fanaticism, are so mad as to take for a great and beautiful idea that subterfuge of Eckstein and Lamennais, of a Christianity anterior to Christianity! You do not admire progressive Humanity, interpreter of

the law and thought of God; you admire only a small part, an incomplete formula, of that thought. Do not let us talk of it any more, because it is not possible for us to understand each other. Oh, if the few intelligent Italians understood each other! If they felt, as I do, the movement which is trembling beneath the world's surface, and knew what is the cause of the trouble! If they understood that either they must resign themselves to perish, cursing, in the void; or else they must all concentrate on the intention of living or dying to implant the new faith, the new Gospel, which is about to arise! If they understood how, in the necessity of a formal concord, that nation which initiates it will be the nation of Christ! If they understood what a sublime thing is this expansion of Christ the Man into Christ the People! If they understood what a grand thing is the thought of a third Rome! The new Humanitarian religion coming from Italy; the word of Life for all, issuing from the mouth of Italy, on the day that she rises! To this thought, formerly my only one, are turned all my acts past, present, and future; the *Giovane Italia* and the *Giovane Europa* were only faint, fragmentary political expressions of this conception, although they might imperceptibly prepare the way and develop the minds and tendencies. But who can hope for even a little development in the Italians, the Italians amongst whom an Italian humanitarian religion would not find a dozen apostles! In the Italians, who even when they are most intelligent and able, cannot feel enthusiasm except for things dead and gone! I shall bear my thought with me to the grave, without a single soul of man or woman having *felt* it and made it theirs.

. . . . . .

STROZZI.

XIV

To ELEONORA CURLO RUFFINI—Genoa

30th September, 1836.

For a long time I have been wishing to write a few lines to tell you how grateful I am to you for the sweet messages which my mother often sends me from you; and now I do not thank you, because not being able to express myself as I should like, I prefer keeping silent. There are persons with whom one must speak from one's soul or not at all, and you are one of them. I do not know what I would not give to have an hour's talk with you, and to reveal my whole self to you—to ask you, as if it were a religious blessing, for encouragement; encouragement in the *ideas* which, it seems to me, are not to be confounded with men; encouragement in the faith that ought not to die except with ourselves, and that is sanctified by our conscience and by memories; that we ought to bear forwards whatever happens and however bitter the disappointments concerning men and things may make it to us, turning it into a source of sorrow and persecutions. We are only a religious thought embodied. We have a mission. Of what moment is it whether it succeeds or not? Life does not end here below. And for a life which must be broken off *here*, is happiness possible? Human life is not happiness. Human life is duty. Chance has placed us in an epoch of moral dissolution and of want of faith; an epoch similar to that in which Christ died, when corruption and egoism were at their height, and when the first Christians died martyrs and derided. But three hundred years later Christianity reigned, and emancipated the slaves. Let us die keeping our faith. Let

us continue to venerate our God. God, our conscience, and whoever was dear to us on earth and now looks down upon us from above, *that* is our world. And I should like to tell you my ideas at length, and to hear you, who are a pattern of resignation and virtue, tell me that they are not illusions; that my brain is not deceiving my heart, but that it is my heart itself which has generated them and desires them. Are you less attached to me because the publication of my ideas of faith, humanity, and the future is a cause of annoyance and persecutions for me and your dear ones? Am I an egoist? Do I cruelly neglect my individual duties? Do I care less for you and my family? If I were to die as a martyr for our faith, for the faith of Jacopo, should I be unfeeling, should I commit a crime? Do not mention to anyone what I ask you; but if, without contradicting your conscience, you can give me a word of encouragement, do so; if not, I beg you to be silent. I shall know then that I am wrong, I shall know that I am pursuing a phantom; that my religion—and I use this word because I feel all the significance of it—(God knows, however, whether it is a religion of joy and illusion or of sorrow and duty) is a false belief that ought to be given up; and I should give it up, because I believe in you as in an oracle, as in the most religious, the most virtuous, and the purest soul, perfected by grief, that exists upon earth.

Love me . . . .

GIUSEPPE.

XV

To LUIGI AMEDEO MELEGARI—Lausanne

London,
8th April, 1837.

Dear Friend,

I have yours of the 27th March. I was aware of Mlle Madeleine's love. Do you know how? I should like to tell you, but I cannot, because I have sworn to be silent. I know of it, and it adds one more to my many torments, old and new. When on leaving Switzerland I sent some books for her, I did not know anything yet. I had never even dreamed of it; and I should have laughed in the face of anyone who had suggested it to me. I am not in love with her, and have not the smallest cause to reproach myself. I have never written about her to anyone in the world; nor have I ever said too flattering things about her. I defended her against our friends at Berne who were joking about some of her eccentricities and apparent oddities, but I only defended the cause in general, saying that one often calumniates a person by judging too rashly; that was all. I did this because it is my habit to defend every woman, and because the things imputed to her were precisely of a sort which showed a kind heart, and also from an inexplicable but very slight sympathy that I felt for her. And she knew nothing of this, which happened perhaps once or twice. The only time that I went to pay a visit to Madame Mandrot at Berne, and saw the girls gathered round the table, I did not speak to her—by chance—because being more beautiful than the rest, she made me feel a little confused; anyway, I did not speak to her. Except what I may have written

to you, when you asked me for books, etc., and the usual greetings in my letters to her mother, there was nothing. But her love has no such reasons, because she loved me before knowing me, before we stopped at Lausanne, and before I began to correspond with her mother. She loved me by that fatality which there is about me, by which I have done harm, although wishing all my life to do good, as I call God to witness—by which an enthusiastic friendship for me cost the mother of the Ruffini a son and left her lonely in her old age—by which poor Anne Courvoisier died soon after she took to helping me at the beginning of the persecutions, just after I had written to her: "Do not help me, do not get too intimate with me, or harm will come of it."

I have known this for some time; it will seem folly to you, and perhaps it is so, but it torments me. There is a fatality about me; where I touch, I do harm. I had a presentiment of it from the time when I took for my seal the *Ananke* of *Notre-Dame*; and I shall end by dying alone, accursed, and tormented—you will see. I still love Giuditta, but I shall never see her again. We have not corresponded for a long time, because it is forbidden her; for a long time she has sacrificed me to duty and to her children—as was right, and as I myself begged her to do. But I consider myself bound, and am so in my heart, and shall be so always, even if she were to feel incensed against me. And even if I did not love her, I should think it wrong to unite myself to another woman. I shall die alone; I can give no one any joy, and I do not wish to share my sorrows. However, if I were at the age of twenty, Madeleine's love would suffice me, and I should feel forced to say to her: "Come." But in the year 1837 her case is desperate, and she knows it. I beg you, however, not to allude to it; I have said those things which it seemed to

me that I could and ought to say; but I do not know what their effect has been. Now, what is to be done? How would it help to say that I am about to marry the woman whom I love? This would be contradicted very soon, and I myself, in talking of my affairs, have already contradicted it. If this passion of hers is a real one, as I fear, and if I had already been on friendly terms with her, so that writing would not add fuel to the flame, I should try to cure her by exalting her in another way—by directing her on a path of duty, rough, painful, and solitary perhaps, but pious. In some souls at least a strong sentiment can only be vanquished or weakened by another. Has she much talent? Educate her to write; give her a motive, a mission in life. I say foolish things, but what can I say? When I hear of failing health, I break into a cold perspiration. Advise me; but remember that if you only say: "Deprive her of all hope," I have already done so; from me at least she has no encouragement. Pray write to me about it. Who knows of it? Her sister? Her mother? I should not have thought it of the latter. I am coming to the conclusion that it would be best for me to die; and if I only knew how to do so reasonably, bearing witness to my faith, I would do it, I assure you. I have really nothing to keep me back, except my mother. I continue to sink deeper and deeper into a solitude which I have not deserved; and I cannot allow anyone to disturb it who would fatally wish to do so. Think whether the love of a young girl, accessible to enthusiasm and to religious sentiments, could not be changed into a friendship of the soul, which time would wear out—think whether this could be brought about by my efforts—think in short of something to help her, and tell me. . . . .

STROZZI.

Early in 1837, weary of a life of hiding in Switzerland, Mazzini moved to London. Here at all events he was free, but his first years in England were no more happy. He was very poor, having no resources beyond the small allowncea which his mother was able to spare him and loans from friends which generally passed to yet more destitute exiles. He had no Italian associates except the Ruffini brothers, sons of a very dear friend at Genoa and exiles like himself (Giovanni wrote the forgotten novel, *Lorenzo Benoni*), and he was too shy to make English acquaintances readily. He hated London, and the reading-room at the British Museum was his only compensation for its din and gloom. He lived at 9 George Street, near the Euston Road, and afterwards at 4 York Buildings, in the angle between King's Road, Chelsea, and Riley Street.

XVI

To LUIGI AMEDEO MELEGARI—MONTAUBAN

LONDON,
24th October, 1837.

DEAR FRIEND,

. . . . . .

Material misery and annoyances of every kind, and privations, are nothing to me, compared with *moral* suffering. Every day I feel the aridity, the desert, and the solitude more. No sensation whatever comes to me from the exterior; I have never lived except by the interior life; I drew the colours of nature from within my own soul. Here I look at the sky, and the moon, and the earth as dead things—a closed book. *Alone* one cannot *live*; and there is no one to sympathise with my feelings. When I return home from the Library, it seems as if I were entering a strange house, and a strange room. It is

as empty and desolate as a tomb. My life is a continual strife, a continual alternation between an overpowering dejection, which at certain moments (without any apparent cause) makes me feel like weeping and doing childish things; and a tension of mind which I seek to maintain with all my power, by the help of my beliefs in duty, in life being a mission, and in self-denial. Woe if I had not these beliefs! I should have already become a Don Juan, or worse, or I should have put an end to myself. In this strife, which I go through in silence and immobility, I have at least been able to convince myself that my faith is strong, deeply rooted in my soul, and that I shall die in it. But in the midst of this desert, very rarely, there are moments when I feel like a giant, and it seems to me as if God came to sustain me, and that I shall still do something for the truth. They do not last, but they leave me strong for many days afterwards. Now, why do you speak to me of the scepticism shown in my last letters? Why does she who has read my writings and has understood me also see this scepticism and grieve over it? Am I fated involuntarily to increase the unhappiness of one whom I would wish to make happy at the cost of my heart's blood? Scepticism, I? I am discontent with the present generation, even despairing of it, if you like; but what has this to do with Humanity? I despair—and I need not conceal it—of ever having a ray of happiness, and of ever being able to give a ray of happiness; but what has this to do with beliefs? Do I, or any of us, live for the sake of being happy? And if we could ever find happiness here on earth, what meaning would there be in the future life? Have I not said a thousand times that this life of ours is only the infancy of another life, that God has not placed us here on earth except to fulfil a mission, without troubling about the individual conse-

quences? Have I not said a thousand times that man ought not, in the fulfilment of this mission, to take anything from that which is external to himself, that his law of life lies in God, in his own conscience, and in the study of the progressive life of Humanity? That even if the whole world were to fall in ruins around him, he ought to continue bearing witness to his faith—that the more the wicked increase, the more his duty to be virtuous increases—that the more revolting egoism becomes, the more he ought to feel the necessity of fighting it, and of sowing the seeds of education for the future; the more scepticism invades all minds, the more he ought to sanctify his own by faith, and make it the temple of God? Have you ever heard me deny these beliefs? Have you ever seen me compromise with these vices, with the prosaic and calculating spirit which now prevails? I complain, it is true, because I am a man, and disillusions of a certain kind are too painful for me not to feel them; but why should you take my complaints for rebellion? I may have moments of weakness; my words belong to the human vocabulary, and are unable to express adequately the intimate sentiments of the soul—but Christ Himself said at one moment: "Father, take away this cup from me." Does that mean that He doubted? Was He less religious? Suffering does not mean changing. I have never felt so religious as during these last months. All that I live and feel proves to me the truth of my beliefs. I see the state of dissolution and egoism to which the absence of a religious idea necessarily leads; to the absence of a religious idea I trace the cause of the temporary ruin of our party; in it I find the explanation of all the phenomena which distress us. I feel that whilst I hoped to have been born in times of which I should be able to see the end, perhaps I shall not see it. We shall die in the epoch of dissolution;

and I who carry within me the faith of a future epoch feel the want of equilibrium between my soul and the present-day world most grievous and bitter. But shall I forsake God on that account? I have never prayed so much nor with such fervour for the few beloved persons who care for me. I hope they may pray for me also, so that we may be able to give each other strength. The only way in which we can help each other here below is by faith, affection, and prayer; elsewhere we shall understand one another better. Meanwhile let us mingle our souls, let us unite them in the same lively faith in God, in the same smile of resignation amidst the ills and sorrows of life, in the same consolation of not being alone to pray, suffer, and love. Perhaps everyone needs the faith of another to enable him to resist. Perhaps—and this idea has often struck me—the ray of strength and faith which comes to me sometimes, is the prayer of some other good creature, who is thinking of me at that moment. Do not take this consolation from me by throwing doubt upon it. Do not take from me that of believing that perhaps my prayers and solitary thoughts may also give a little strength to one who is suffering. And you who know something more of my beliefs, say what they are—go bail for me. Perhaps they are not those of others, nor are they yours, but they are beliefs in convictions and inspirations which come to me from God.

Above all beliefs is God, the consciousness of an immortal soul, and the faith in other worlds nearer Him, in a necessary progress of ours towards God, in a virtue which must resist all temptations, in a constant sacrifice, in a love of the Humanity amongst which He has placed us, and in a worship of prayer, of affection, and of sacred poetry. In this I am at one with you and with all. What if my heart feels impulses beyond this sphere—what if it has

appeared to me that I hold the link between all the religions, successive and ever vaster revelations of God's plan; if above all the Temples, Catholic, Protestant, and others, it has appeared to me that I see another vaster Temple, which rests upon them and embraces them all, and where not the individual man, but entire Humanity gathered together and united, will one day go to prostrate itself? Does this make me less religious than you? Perhaps one day, if I can express myself in words, I shall say what I believe and foresee; perhaps I shall explain how I arrived at this conviction; and you will understand with what a loving eye I regard all these forms and religious expressions which I reject as exclusive, because I have found within myself something that embraces them all, and which unites and explains them in the one great thought of the Education of Humanity accomplished by God.

Meanwhile do not judge and condemn me on account of a phrase. Do not doubt my heart.

Love me and believe me your

GIUSEPPE.

Religion

XVII

To HIS MOTHER—GENOA

LONDON,
2nd January, 1838.

MY GOOD MOTHER,

. . . . . .

I asked the *London and Westminster Review* to put in an article on Lamennais, because my heart urges me to write about him; but they replied that he was not

much known in England. "*Diovolo!* All the more reason for making him known, if he deserves it," I said. To-day, however, I have received a note inviting me to have tea some evening with one of the editors, to speak about Lamennais. In the end they will agree; but you see how even the most liberal Reviews are managed. None of them aims at instructing, or doing as the conscience of the writers who wish to preach the truth may suggest; they only consider the habits, tastes, and tendencies of their readers, however erroneous or unjust these may be. Lamennais is not in great favour here; therefore I, as the Director of a Review, would say: "This injustice must be amended, let us render him due honour, and endeavour to change the opinion in regard to him." But they act differently, although they may agree with me about him. I feel that I should like to be a millionaire, and to run a Journal or Review according to my own ideas, without speculation as to its success, financing it for two or three years, merely to show everyone my conception of how this ministry of the Press should be regarded. It has reached this state of degradation by being a business affair, whilst it ought to be treated as a real priesthood, a work of education in fact, more sacred and important than domestic education, in so far as the latter has only one or two individuals in view, whilst the Press purposes to educate whole generations. My *fad*, you see, since the world calls it so, is to take everything very seriously; so I am continually in disagreement with the greater number, who, on the contrary, take even the most serious things lightly. Although I perceive this disagreement more every day, I shall not be cured of it, but shall die with the same ideas which have accompanied me all through life. It is not worth the trouble of trying to change them; I should be sorry for it on my own account, and the different

method (given that I could succeed in it) would only obtain for me from the world things that are of little value in themselves—of none, in fact—since we have to die. And this thought of death, which causes me so little fear, has nevertheless the power of making me see the pitiableness of everything for which men strive day after day.

Up till now, my experiences have proved to me that one cannot put faith in anything in the world; that the search for happiness in this world is a chimera; that to wear oneself out as most men do, in the struggle to succeed in gaining a position, or what not, is folly. When you have compromised with the world, denied a part of yourself, done violence to your instincts and your tendencies, in order to achieve this end—that day you may possibly die. The only thing worth doing is to reach our last day with the knowledge of having always done our duty, as our heart and intellect showed it to us, and the knowledge of not having forfeited the love of the four or five beings whom we love. I say "with the knowledge of not having *forfeited* their love," because this only lies in our own hands; *keeping* it does not lie in our hands; and sometimes we lose it without having forfeited it, which is a deep sorrow, but not the same thing as remorse. . . .

GIUSEPPE.

XVIII

To HIS MOTHER—GENOA

LONDON,
10*th March*, 1838.

MY GOOD MOTHER,

. . . . . .

Your life on earth is hard, and mine also. We could be happier than we are; but in this period of crisis

and moral anarchy, we possess that which all do not: a comforting belief. We believe in a Being who cannot have created us by chance or caprice, but who has placed us here below for the fulfilment of a design of His; we believe in a Being who is infinite Goodness, and who therefore cannot have condemned us to suffer without an ulterior motive; we believe that He having destined us to approach Him again, even sorrows, when not caused by our own fault, but sent to us by Him, must be part of His design—steps to guide us to the end of our temporal life—a purification which facilitates the way for us. We believe that the things of God are eternal, as He is; and that those things on this earth are of God which we find permanent, insistent in all men; independent, in their essence, of the variable accidents produced by the free-will of the individual—Virtue; love of truth; the duty of following it, and of teaching it when possible; hope; the necessity of a religious belief; and a few other things, are all of God. They must be so, because we do not find any century or people without them, nor a man without a shadow of all this in the depth of his soul, and able to detach himself from it without feeling remorse, at all events at first. We have the proofs that these principles are really fragments, lost rays, of God's thought, a portion of his law, in the universal continual tradition of the human race, which God has created in His image. And the affection of mother, father, child, sister and brother; the affections of friendship, and all other affections when they are rooted in the heart, and not in brutal passions, or in instincts of the senses, or in a fancy temporarily excited; when they are such that instead of causing us remorse or anxiety, they bring consolation and peace in time of misfortune; when in short, by enjoying them, we feel inclined to be better, more charitable, more ready for

sacrifices; these also are of God, like virtue; and like it, are eternal. He, placing them in our heart, in the heart of all who are not corrupt, did not will that they should perish with matter; that a breath of cold air, a harmful substance introduced into our stomach, or any other similar thing, should suffice to put an end to them, and bury them for ever. Therefore, I believe firmly in the eternity of the affections, when they are such as I have described. And when they have been put into our hearts by God Himself, and enjoyed by us without blame, we carry them to the grave as a trust which He has confided to us. Let us die loving those whom we always loved, and we shall meet again still loving them. This faith is an immense consolation; and it is the only one, for nothing else counts. Distractions are illusions; life, if it were not illuminated by this blessed hope, would be as arid and wearisome as a desert. But you and I both have this faith, and we ought to strengthen each other mutually by it. No, no, I will not concede to the few who oppress the many, the power of destroying God's work, by a sentence of exile. They only have power for a short time; but God, when He said to me: "*love*," and placed in my heart a perpetual desire and longing to rejoin you and the few others whom I love, did not intend to deceive me. I shall be reunited to you, and we all to Cichina, and to all those who love us and whom we truly love. We may lose one another, or be separated from one another on the paths of this earth, but the point of meeting is placed beyond; where earthly influences cease, and where God alone reigns in the fulness of His love. . . .

Always love your

GIUSEPPE.

XIX

To HIS MOTHER—GENOA

LONDON,
26th March, 1838.

MY GOOD MOTHER,

. . . . . .

Poor Lamennais is understood and loved by the people whose cause he has taken up, but amongst the so-called intellectuals he has few disciples, because the intellectuals in France at this moment are either corrupted by self-interest or without belief. French literature (I mean the lighter literature of novels, dramas, newspapers, etc., not history, for there is a little more conscientiousness in this portion of it), is at this moment the most immoral literature that I know. Brilliant men such as Janin, Eugène Sue, Soulié, Gozlan, etc., etc., write in a way that will cause them remorse one day if they ever grow better as they grow older. Under fine appearances, they undermine all belief, all tendencies to enthusiasm, all admiration of genius and virtue, and of the beautiful and the good; painting the world as perhaps it is at present, but as it has not always been, and cannot always be—as a world of egoism, hypocrisy, calculation, and brutal force. They paint it nakedly, without ever opposing to it the picture of duty which religious beliefs and self-respect impose upon the conscientious man; without ever praising those few who are strong and virtuous even now, who keep themselves intact, and fight as best they may against the current. The weak young generation, reading these books all the more eagerly on account of their cleverness, imbibes the seeds of scepticism, irony, frivolity, and disgust

with everything; and the result of this is a kind of misanthropy, which ends in undisguised egoism. The young men train themselves to believe in nothing, and to distrust everything and everybody; when they meet with a man of real talent who speaks and preaches of virtue, they say that probably he is only feigning in order to win celebrity; when they meet with another who preaches love of one's neighbour and sacrifice, they say that probably he has some secret motive; when they meet with misery, instead of sympathising with it, and endeavouring to relieve it, they say that there is deceit. All feeling is at first restrained, and finally deadened, because they are afraid of being ridiculed; all compassion, sympathy, and show of affection, because they are afraid of being deceived; every impulse of patriotism, because men are said not to be worthy of it and to be too corrupt to feel its value. The world is wicked, they say, and on this account they become wicked themselves without being aware of it. The world is wicked; I also am well aware of that, but I deduce from it another reason for him who is not wicked, to keep himself upright and faithful to true principles, in spite of the atmosphere which surrounds him. Why should I conform myself to a world which is wicked and corrupt? In order to win praise, favours, and riches from men whom we ourselves declare to be unworthy of our respect, and still more so of our affection? That would be yielding to evil, whilst one pretended to condemn it. The best guide for one's conduct appears to me this: when you find good examples amongst others, follow them; when the world around you does not offer you any, then concentrate yourself, and seek the rules of life in God, your own heart, and the dead. Even if you stand alone, do not be false to your conscience, do not cease to let your actions be in conformity with its dictates. And come what may, our life on earth is so brief, so full

of sorrow, and of desires impossible to be realised, that it is surely not worth while to go against one's own heart and peace of mind for the sake of making a compromise with unworthy men. The world adopts the contrary way; people yield, and this is called philosophy, policy, and knowledge of life. They pretend that deceptions and disappointments are thus avoided; as if being deceived now and then were anything to matter, and as if life taken in itself alone, in the sphere of self-interest, were not a continual and inevitable disappointment. Nowadays the young men are hard, distrustful, indifferent, their feelings mummified at the age of eighteen; the heart remains silent, and only a pretended reason speaks. But I do not understand things in this manner, and cannot and never shall be able to agree with these theorists. I prefer St. Martin giving alms to the Devil, as one sees in that picture in the church of S. Filippo (if I do not mistake), to the man who could say to me: "I have never been deceived in my life"; he who can boast of never having come off badly in the world, has certainly done very little good. With these current opinions, you understand that the poor priest, preaching true principles in a spirit of love, sensibility, and what we call *bonhomie*, without practical figures and calculations, is bound to be little loved by the *intellectuals*. The *poor in spirit* love him and *feel* his sympathy; the *intellectuals* admire his style, his imagery, and his poetical expression, but the true poetry, the poetry of the substance, they do not care for.

. . . . . .

Perhaps you may think it strange for me to write at such length on these matters, but it is only an opportunity, as you see, of writing about myself, to tell you how I think and feel, and how life, etc., appears to me. . . .

GIUSEPPE.

XX

To HIS MOTHER—GENOA

LONDON,
11*th July*, 1838.

MY GOOD MOTHER,

. . . . . .

I answered my father partly in my last letter; nevertheless he puts the matter which is the subject of discussion between us so clearly, that I cannot help answering again, as follows: He says to me: "Your beliefs have done you harm, and caused you unhappiness; why do you not modify them then?" I answer: "Because the motive of life, from a religious point of view, is not happiness, but duty." In this lies the point that my father will not understand when he argues with me, and upon which I have often insisted. He treats me like one of the liberals of the opposition, who regard politics as others regard a passion for business or for mathematics; like one of the number who for some reason or other prefer two Chambers to a single one, or vice versa; who dispute over absolute monarchy, over constitutional or republican governments, as merely political points, and questions of simple organisation, destined to repress some abuse. All these, naturally, when they have fought for some years without any result except failures and sacrifices, abandon the field, and are right in doing so. If I had only *political* opinions, I should have abandoned it some time ago. But my political beliefs are very different; in my opinion, a republic, laws, and universal suffrage, etc., are only the means; the motive is the improvement of man, the education of humanity, and the perfecting of the generations, a

step forward in the knowledge and fulfilment of the law of God. On this ground, there is no longer liberty of choice, but only duty; a strict and definite duty, which each of us ought to endeavour to fulfil, according to his strength and conscience, without caring what the results may be for his individual life of a few score years. We know that this improvement can and must take place, because God would not have given Christianity to an incorrigible humanity, destined to perpetual wickedness. But, even if this were not so, it is not our business to declare it; our business is to work for the dignity and perfecting of God's creature; and even if we produce no effect, God will take our intention into account, and we ought only to think of God and of the future—not of happiness. Happiness on this earth? Happiness where death exists? Where all those whom we love and who love us die? Where all of us who are now writing to each other shall probably die without meeting again? The mere word *happiness* makes me smile bitterly. No, I feel it in my heart; there is only one law: duty—duty and love; but love without hope *here below*.

Besides, my father, we are now disputing over nothing; my last letter laid the basis of an agreement between us, which ought to be capable of realisation. I have started on the way which you preached to me, seeking what you told me to seek. I keep my beliefs; and you ought to be glad of it, if, as you say, you are anxious for my good; because my good, such as can come to me independently of others, and therefore impossible to take from me, consists precisely in these beliefs; if I were to lose them, I should lose my last anchor. So let us be at peace, and love each other. As for the future, God will dispose. . . .

Farewell; love your

GIUSEPPE.

XXI

To LUIGI AMEDEO MELEGARI—LAUSANNE

LONDON,
22nd July, 1838.

DEAR FRIEND,

. . . Why do you torture me uselessly? Why do you propose that I should correspond with her, asking: "What do you think of doing for this unhappy girl?" and "Have you no intentions as to the end of such a saintly love?" and other things of the same kind? *Dio mio!* Can I comfort her? Can I have any intentions? Am I free? God knows whether I am. In the eyes of those who only recognise material ties, I am so; but before my own conscience and in the eyes of God who keeps guard over all promises, I am not so. Do you not know that Giuditta Sidoli loves me? And that I love her, and have promised that my love will continue? Do you not know that she is alone in the world, and that she also is unhappy, wandering to the gates of the town where her children live, without being able to enter it? Do you not know that my love is a comfort to her even at a distance, that her passions are strong and overpowering, and that I should be guilty of cruel infidelity if I let a blow fall upon her from perhaps the only being on the truth of whose love she relies? Is it possible that she cares for another man? Say that this were so; I should not cease loving her on that account. And even if a different duty might then confront me—that of saving another being from perpetual unhappiness—should I succeed? Could I ever give happiness and peace to an innocent soul, I whose soul is wearied by disappointments, mistrustful after suffering so many deceptions, sad, gloomy,

and oppressed by misfortune and by a feeling of despair, which possibly not even the caresses of an angel like she is would be able to overcome? Besides, could I unite the fate of an angel to mine, when after three, six, or ten months, I should have to tear myself away from her, to follow a path of mortal danger, condemning her to perpetual anxiety? All these, however, are useless hypotheses, since Giuditta loves me and I love her. Why do you urge me then to do what I cannot? Why force me to realise that I am alone, and shall probably always remain alone, but that I could change this? Do you imagine that abandoned as I am by all, I gladly renounce having with me a being such as she is, a divine creature, young, pure, religious, and enthusiastic, on whom I could pour out a world of feelings, visions, beliefs, and affection, which will die with me? Can you imagine that I do not suffer from long, eternal hours of the solitude of the damned, and from an isolation which terrifies me, and from a painful weariness which makes me wish for death? Or can you not imagine rather that in such hours I would seek, if I could, at any price, a bosom upon which to rest and a loving hand laid upon my head? I am powerless to do anything for her, and this is one of my greatest griefs. However, except hopes, I would give everything, my very life's blood if it helped. I would agree to a correspondence, if I knew that her love would continue to the last, because in that case it would perhaps be a slight comfort to have me even as a brother; but if she could forget me some day—if, as is more than likely, I should die within a year—if for any reason she might be happy with another, would it not do harm to correspond now? Would it not merely increase instead of diminishing her ardour?

Can I hope to change her into a sister-soul, and nothing else? I am a bad judge in this matter, because I am not

indifferent; you must judge, or better still, let her judge; and then tell me what I must do. But reflect well. A correspondence kept secret from her mother, and the first lines of which would have to be: "we shall never be united," is a serious thing, not to be undertaken except perhaps to save her from desperate resolutions. I repeat, however, that if there is anything whatever (with one restriction), which could help, say so. I shall be eternally grateful to anyone who will show me a way of comforting her.

As for Giuditta, she is not in London, and will not come here; she has not moved from Parma, and has no intention of doing so. I shall live alone in London or elsewhere, till by dint of reflection I can manage to discover the means of rushing into some action, which may really cut the Gordian knot that is tightening round my life more painfully every day, without destroying it. . . .

Farewell; believe me your

GIUSEPPE.

XXII

To HIS MOTHER—GENOA

LONDON,
23rd November, 1838.

MY GOOD MOTHER,

. . . . . .

What a happy fortnight or three weeks I should spend, if I could ever see you again amidst the friends and acquaintances of my early years! I say a fortnight or three weeks, because not admitting the possibility of returning except in one way, the nature of this way would

probably not allow me more than a fortnight or three weeks of real peace, before fresh troubles would arise. Alas! we are born in an epoch in which, even if everything had gone well, we could not have enjoyed much real tranquillity; and all epochs of transition from an old order of things and ideas to a new order, are the same; in such epochs one must be either an egoist and a rogue, or else more or less unhappy. To succeed in being an egoist, and consequently capable of a certain material happiness, one must make oneself indifferent to the distinction between the old and new orders; that is: not attach any importance to truth and falsehood, to good and evil, to ideas and beliefs, to the prosperity or misery of one's own country and of humanity, or to whether good or bad men triumph. But a nature which cannot bend itself to this profession of indifference, which vehemently loves good, and vehemently abhors evil, which believes that truth, as suggested by the heart and intellect, is the shadow of God, and that consciousness of virtue imposes upon us the duty of manifesting it, will, I repeat, be always more or less tormented and unhappy. Within the next hundred years men will be born to our ideas, will live in peace with these ideas, and will be able to combine the joys of their beliefs with domestic joys and affections, precisely because of what we have suffered.* However, we know on the one hand, that life is not a career of happiness, but a career of duty; and we know on the other hand, that this life is merely a step to another, and that whatever the other is to be, if when we reach it we have to be the sons of our work on earth, and have to obtain recompense for it, it is necessary that the consciousness of our past should remain with us, and that some kind of link with that which we have done and

*Alas for empty hopes. He did not foresee that Fascism would drive into exile some of the best men of the country.

suffered here below should still exist in our memory. Therefore when our affections are pure and praiseworthy, they ought to continue, and separation is only temporary, like a species of voyage which is to end in a return and meeting again. I live in this faith, and shall die in it, I hope; and it is this which gives me strength to continue a life of such bitter solitude, parted from all who love me, and incapable of finding happiness in myself.

. . . . . .

Farewell, Mother mine; love me always, and live happy in the love of

Your son
GIUSEPPE.

XXIII

To GIUSEPPE ELIA BENZA—PORTO MAURIZIO

LONDON,
7th March, 1839.

MY FRIEND,

. . . . . .

Dio mio! How much you have suffered in a few years, and how unhappy you must feel in the solitude of your house! . . .

But I feel that I am harping upon too sorrowful a string. If I could have you with me, I would not leave off. At a distance, and only being able to write you a few lines, I must not do it. Meanwhile I thank you for having spoken to me of yourself, and also of the times when we first knew each other, times which, together with the few days passed with Giuditta, are the only ones on which my soul can look

back without flinching. Do not be afraid of my forgetting them. They appear before me so vividly that I could write their history, not month by month, but day by day. Oh, how often I have invoked them during these years of solitude, to keep myself from thoughts which threatened to harden my heart or to drive me mad. And how often have not even they been tinctured with bitterness, when the terrible doubt has assailed me whether it would not have been better to have continued my earlier occupations, and not to have rushed into an enterprise which put a stop to them for ever? And then I regarded everyone with anger and distrust, and myself with that kind of horror with which one looks at a criminal. It appeared to me that Jacopo rose from his grave to curse me, and that his mother demanded me to give him back to her, and other mothers were with her, so that remorse tempted me to kill myself. But then I felt that I should die with still more remorse on my soul. God preserve you, my friend, from such moments! I experienced them in Switzerland, in the midst of the snows, in a bare room where the wind was howling down the corridor outside, and the voices of those whom I loved best seemed to mingle with it. I could never relate it to them, and I have never told anyone about it. I beg you not to speak of it. A weak man would have been overwhelmed, but I conquered. The mother of Jacopo and another woman, a foreigner, whom I did not love but esteemed greatly, helped me through my trouble, though they were not aware of its cause. I know that we all did out duty; and some duties still remain for me, which I shall fulfil. I know that Jacopo did not die for a dream, and that he and I, whether conscious of it or not, are the precursors, I will not say of a new policy, but of a new faith, which we shall not see perhaps, but which no human force can prevent from appearing—a faith that

will rise from martyrdom to God, who is now either denied or else believed in after a fashion worse than negation.

And this belief of mine, which once was an instinct, a presentiment, an enthusiasm full of poetry, hope, and strength, is now a certainty in my mind, a certainty vested with all the character of religion, fortified by study, and by the calm reflection of these three years of silence, purified by sorrow and by all the trials which I should not have thought myself capable of bearing. And I run the less risk of illusion, because it stands before me, naked and hard as Duty, without giving me any consolation in life, without the power of giving me any happiness, or of replacing the love that my heart longs for and cannot have, without softening a single one of my sorrows, without peopling with pleasant images the solitude that oppresses my spirit, and that seems to increase day by day, making the present more wearisome and the future more terrible than I can say. The only power it has is to save me from a scepticism which would make me wicked and from remorse which I could not bear. Strange contradiction! I feel that I shall die a believer, and yet unhappy. But life it not a question of happiness or unhappiness; it is a question of duty to be fulfilled, a mission to be attempted; nothing else. Why do you say that the History of the past convinces you of an alternation, a circular motion, rather than of an ascendant and continual progressive motion? Destroy your hope which changes the truth into a calculation of the probability of success; do not look at the life of each nation separately, but at that of Humanity, compared to which nations are individuals; and look above all at the history and life of Humanity from the height of a religious faith—and you will see differently. Believe me, those who say that this is a period of transition, of hesitation between

the grave of the old and the cradle of the new, are not mistaken. Study the age between the destruction of Paganism and the establishment of Christianity, and you will see an image of our own times.

I should like to demonstrate these matters to the generation now growing up in Italy; but I do not feel capable of it. I should like to have with me a willing young man, gifted with heart and intellect, and resigned to any fatigue; it seems to me that I could put him on the right path, and transmit to him the seeds necessary to be cultivated, the ideas which will one day be of use to our country, but by myself I can do nothing. Perhaps, or rather, doubtless, my faculties have not been equal to this conception for some time; and even those inadequate ones which I used to possess are disappearing day by day, worn out by the strife which I have passed through, and by a grief more bitter than you can imagine. The London sky also contributes to my depression, and the fact is that I no longer feel capable of anything but of rushing into some attempt at action and meeting my death. However, it does not much matter; when the times are ripe, others will rise up, perhaps not with greater devotion than I, but with greater faculties.

The work which I am obliged to do here in this Island, so as to earn my living and not be too much of a burden on my family, deprives me of all inclination to write anything of real worth. I write for the quarterly reviews, and for the *magazines* (monthly reviews),—often uselessly, because they refuse all ideas that are too daring, too general, too systematic, too *continental*, as they say; and as I do not wish to make alterations, and cannot do so even if I wished, I take the article back again. Even when they accept my work, I have had to make such an effort to frame, not the ideas, but the *form* of the ideas, to suit

an English public, that these earnings, which free me from the necessity of asking for help from home, are hardly won. Do not be surprised at this aversion, still strong in the English, for everything approaching generalisation, synthesis, and one might say spiritualism, and do not be surprised at the egoism of which we complain; these are the logical consequences of a life founded on Protestantism in morals, and on a principle of liberty alone, not harmonised by equality and social union. From Protestantism comes a habit of bare and paltry analysis; from an edifice based on liberty alone springs naturally individualism, and from the utmost development of analysis and individualism spring materialism and egoism. The English are now at this point; however, they are approaching, slowly as usual, but fatally and inevitably, a revolution which will be tremendous, like all revolutions of equality, which are social and not political. And although they do not seem even to suspect it here, it will happen in a few years. There is nothing to be deduced against England as it is, contrary to the ideal of our souls; but there is everything to be deduced against an aristocratic society, a Protestant society, which barely rises above an absurd principle of liberty where the few have everything and the many nothing.

I have written (since I am on this subject) an article on Italian literature from 1830 onwards, one on Sarpi, one on Hugo, one on Lamartine, one on Sismondi's last book, one on the present state of French literature, and another on Lamennais, whom I love as a friend and venerate as a saint; most of them articles of from 30 to 40 pages. And between this piece-work, done against the grain, for money, and the continual interchange in my poor head of English, French, and Italian forms, I no longer know French or Italian, or anything else.

I embrace you with all the fervour and trust of our early years. Farewell from my heart; your

GIUSEPPE.

XXIV

To PIETRO GIANNONE—PARIS

LONDON,
17th August, 1839.

MY DEAR PIETRO,

. . . . . .

I have determined upon this. I will take up the work of the *Giovane Italia* again, with a deliberate, steadfast, and almost fierce purpose. There has been a demand for it from various parts of Italy; and some circumstances of European policy seem to confirm the request. Feeling very discouraged concerning men and things, and many material and moral causes combining to harass me, I am certainly under no illusion. But I have reflected seriously for a long time upon the condition of affairs and upon what seems to me our duty, and I have come to the conclusion that we are guilty in remaining inactive as we do. The lethargy of these three years has done harm. The men who had begun to be educated in the new paths, no longer having any incitement, went back to the old ways, and have become once more diplomatic politicians, seeking the how and why of their hopes in the French gazettes. The agitation and fear which the disturbances put into the hearts of our Princes having ceased, the one has resolved on an Amnesty, and the other has assumed the cloak of a legislator, reformer, and patron of historical studies. This is a very serious evil. On the other hand, the generation which when we began our work was twelve or fourteen years of age, is

now eighteen or twenty, and disposed, like every young generation of our days, to take action; but without rules and training it does not take the right action. It has recourse usually to the past history of France, and to the errors of the past; it forms undefined Societies, without a device on their banner, and without principles; or else Societies which stupidly denounce property and religion, and alienate the National Party. One of the latter is now spreading through the Kingdom of Naples. We must endeavour to get this new ascendant movement into our hands, so as to give it a right direction. During these three or four years of inaction we have gained the knowledge that no other Association has the inherent vitality of the *Giovane Italia*; that no other political doctrine can substitute itself for ourselves; and that no other is strong enough to constitute unity. Since the *Giovane Italia* has ceased its activity, most of the Provinces have ceased conspiring; and in the few who have attempted it, irregular organisations have been formed, rather than real Associations, all differing in their ideas, because none has sufficient influence to dominate the rest.—Materials, in short, for us, if we knew how to use them.—But delay would be fatal! Nothing could do Italy so much harm as a disorderly action, dependent on locality; multiple instead of united. A political Protestantism would not lead to anything but weakness, and what is more it would sow the seeds of federalism for the future. We need a Catholic policy—*one* Nation—*one* National Association—*one* Faith—*one* Church. In this manner we shall be saved; not otherwise.

To initiate a new thing, or a new form—because principles we cannot and do not wish to change—would be to increase the difficulties; and what matters more, it would be to renounce our hopes of inspiring trust, since the mere fact of change would prove that the way once attempted

and preached with the accent of *faith*, was wrong, and could lead to no good. For new things new men would be required; we only insist upon the old with new elements. I speak with respect to political considerations only; other reasons for changing I cannot see. One attempt—the first—having failed, does not prove anything against an Association; it means an assault repulsed, nothing more. And besides in the *Giovane Italia* we have a name which already invariably represents to both Italians and foreigners a union of certain national principles, a belief; we have an idea of power already won; a device which has stricken terror into our governments more than any other; we have a few young elements, remaining amongst the old, which the first summons will bring into activity again; we have the pledge of a league with all the Polish, Swiss, and German elements, which had gathered round us and knew no other name; and we have the auspices of our martyrs. I only indicate the chief points, as I am writing to you, and you *"se'savio e intendi me' ch'io non ragiono"* (are wise and understand better than I can reason). Let us begin again then, or rather, let us continue the *Giovane Italia*. I have thought of all the hindrances, enmities, and envy, but there is no other way of unity. Besides we encountered them the first time, and at the end of two years they were nearly all overcome. There will be an outcry, but this outcry will help to give us a name again; and later, seeing us firm and strong, they will join us, drawn by the eternal fascination of firmness and strength.

Then we have truth on our side; Italy, continually led astray and deluded by false principles, needs truth—therefore we shall conquer. *When* does not matter, but we shall conquer in the end, we or those who come after us. What matters is to teach the Italians unity, to teach them to put away this effeminate instability, this changing

from one Society to another, and consequently from one belief to another; to teach them that in every undertaking, thought and action must be combined; that it is necessary to insist, to persist, and to choose to conquer; but to conquer in the name of a doctrine, of principles, and of an idea; not in the name of mere reaction, or nothing. Let us teach firmness and faith by our example, and we shall already have done much. God will provide for the rest, God who sees our hearts and knows that if sincerity deserves success, and sacrifice a reward, we are sincere, and capable and desirous of sacrifice.

. . . . . .

GIUSEPPE.

XXV

To HIS MOTHER—GENOA

LONDON,
15th January, 1840.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

. . . . . .

I am very glad that Father Dossi came to see you, as I should have regretted his being capable of a contemptible fear. The explanation that he gave you would not be admitted by many who do not understand certain characters; but it is very clear to me that I sin in the same way as was proved lately in my relations with Carlyle. I do not know why, and perhaps it may be only an illusion of mine, but I would give a good deal to be able to converse with him and his friend several times at length. It seems impossible to me that I should not discover that at the bottom of his heart he has the same ideas as Lamennais,

and I, and all those who believe that tyranny, arbitrary rule, inequality, and slavery, degrade the creature made by God, and are contrary to the divine intention. I often think that the present clergy, by their lethargy and their indifference to the needs and tendencies of the period, do more harm to religious thought than was done by all the incredulity of the eighteenth century. Amongst those who belong to our political faith, we have a great number of materialists and men who disbelieve, not in one religion or another, but in all religions; it must be confessed, indeed, that ten years ago almost our whole party was composed of them. We have now become religious, and have begun to preach spiritualism, the necessity of faith, and obedience to a divine law. After this change took place in our ranks, we made gigantic strides amongst right-thinking people—the sole fact of a man like Lamennais having joined us proves it. Many, however, still remain materialists, and it must not be thought, as is too often the case, that they are bad men; on the contrary, I have known and know at present materialists who are as capable of virtue and of sacrifice as any. They are men who were born for good, and who were anxious to accomplish it, but who from their first start in life found the priests inimical to them, in league with the governments and with the aristocracy, praising the wicked and speaking badly of the just; they found that the Papacy had become almost a temporal Principality, serving as a shield for all the Princes, Catholic or not; they heard Rome blame the Polish insurrection and support the Russian, whilst the Russian tore children from their mothers and did things which revolted the whole world. They saw this Rome remain inactive and almost sympathise with the Turk, or at least with Austria who protected the Turk, whilst a strife was raging between heroic Crusaders and the crescent of Mahometanism; they

read the story of the Inquisition, and of the Jesuits; they saw the very few changes regarding persecution introduced not voluntarily, but dragged from the priesthood by the spirit of the century and by fear. And seeing these things and worse, they say to themselves: "What is the use of talking to us of religion? What is the use of telling us that liberty, protection of the poor, and equality, are consequences of religious principle? Read the encyclicals of the Pope; look at our priests; do they stand for the people and the poor, like Christ? No, they oppose them, and support those in power. Are we not fighting for the just cause? Then why do not the priests join us? Why do not they bless our martyrs? Why do they not anathematise the infamies which are committed?" Now, what can we answer? That there are some good priests? Who knows? What proofs do they give of being so? Their duty is to fight for the just, but do they do it? All this is said, and not without reason.

Meanwhile the workmen here in England, who are dying of hunger and want, find all the clergy on the side of the Tories, or the Government; and it is the same thing in Spain, in France, and at home. Not everyone is a reasoner and a philosopher, not everyone can make a distinction between the Church and Religion—between faith and the priests. Reaction causes them to become unbelievers, as is to be expected.

The Poles had been believers, Catholics, all their lives; they found Rome their enemy; and if you could know how many of them are now materialists! I should like to say to all true men in the Church, if I could speak to them: "Think well of it; the cause of the people is invincible; it is a question of time, but anyone must be blind not to see that there is no force in the world capable of destroying us; we choose it, and it will be so. When we as individuals are dead, others

will rise up; ten years ago democracy was unknown in England, but now it makes itself heard. The world has been invaded by us, and will become ours. But if this great conquest is made by the masses in the conviction that the priesthood is against them, woe to religion! This warning ought to be sounded continually in the ears of those in the Church who are worthy; it is more important than they imagine. I should like to say these things to the friend of whom you speak, and not having been able to say them to him, I have said them to you instead. Imagine my having let myself discourse on these matters at such length as to fill my letter! But this is a subject about which I always get excited, and I could not help my pen running on as my tongue would have done if I could have spoken to you instead of writing.

. . . . . .

Farewell; I embrace you,

GIUSEPPE.

XXVI

To ELEONORA CURLO RUFFINI

LONDON,
13*th April*, 1840.

MY FRIEND,

. . . I am writing to you, not because I can find any words to console you, but because I love you, and it seems to me as if the sight of the handwriting of those who love you and whom you love, ought to be more precious to you now than ever. I should not know how to console you in the usual sense of the word. Even if I were with you, I feel that I should speak to you rather by silence than by words.

I should press your hand, and indicate by a glance your sons and Heaven. And you would divine what I wished to say to you. For some time, life has had for us, and especially for you, a different value and signification than it has for people in general. For people in general, life is a question of happiness or unhappiness, a strife against inevitable sorrows, in the endeavour to diminish or forget them; therefore they give and accept the common consolations of necessity, time, and what not. They all look upon life as something human, and it is all very well for them; but you and I look upon life as *something divine*, as a mission, and nothing short of that. From the standpoint of a religious belief, life for us is not a strife but a *compact with sorrow*; we are not here to try to avoid sorrow, but to bear it manfully and religiously, without letting it prostrate our moral forces, or abbreviate, by overcoming us, the number of days to which God has called us; we are beings who are placed upon earth, not to expiate a sin which is not ours, but *perhaps* to expiate sins that we ourselves have committed in an anterior phase of life, which we do not now remember, but which we shall remember one day; and *certainly* to be initiated into a future phase of life, better, purer, and nearer the ideal which God has put into our hearts. And we know that every initiation is painful: the more important the phase into which we enter, the more painful is the initiation. We know that all pain, when it is accepted by us as a purifier, counts with God; counts (do not forget this) not only to us as individuals, but also to those who love us and whom we love. Amongst the eternal dogmas which are more or less foreshadowed beneath all religions, that of the solidarity of the human race stands first; therefore if the chain, now seemingly interrupted, which leads all things created towards God, nevertheless exists, connected by a series of invisible links, the solidarity

of terrestial beings with the beings belonging to other stages of life, beings who were certainly once also terrestrial, exists also. Blessed then be the pain which is suffered with saintly resignation, because it helps—be certain of this—not only us, but all those whom we love! The first believers in the law of Christ spontaneously offered their sons in martyrdom; death is for us a baptism into another life; we must inevitably rise, we must inevitably emancipate ourselves from a phase of evil; death is from God, and God does not will evil, but the good of His creatures. We must suffer then, because we are of the earth, and cannot and ought not to divest ourselves of earthly affections; but do not let us ever forget these things which you know and feel in your soul (far more saintly than mine), but which it is well for those who love you to remind you of in grave moments of sadness. And the pressure of my hand would tell you this much better than I can express it in writing, but I entreat you to feel that I speak from my heart, and to understand me. Be strong for the sake of us who remain; for the sake of us who are weaker, more easily depressed, possessed of less faith than you, and who still need your prayers, and your friendship and encouragement. Be strong, because your mission is not yet fulfilled, because you can still do good to your sons and to us; you can still proffer words of faith, and instil wise and virtuous counsels, and I myself although worthless compared to you, will presently suggest some. You ought to make us better than we are. Do not forsake us then, do not abandon us prematurely. Take care of your life for our sake. I have nothing else to say; I will say nothing for yourself—who would not despise life if he did not live for others?—But you will continue raising yourself till your last hour, and will raise us together with yourself, to an idea, a conception, of holier life; and till your last hour you will point out to

us, through your tears, a distant horizon, where is written up before our eyes: "faith, resignation, and love." He who dies first, is on this road. And if I now venture to repeat these things to you, it is not because I consider myself worthy to speak of religion to you; it is merely because it may be a comfort to you to hear a friendly voice pronounce the word of faith of which you are conscious within you, making you realise the harmony that reigns between our souls, and proving to you that one whom you love has faith, perhaps—and this you cannot know at present, but will know one day—because he has loved you from the earliest years of his life, because he has lived near you, and has seen you suffer deeply with saintly resignation. Meanwhile, may my blessing, my prayers, my sorrow, and all the affection with which I write these words that it would be a supreme consolation to me to be able to say in person, be with you and with the sister of my choice, and with the infant-creature who will unconsciously have given you more strength to suffer than I can. I offer you all three my friendly and brotherly devotion; my life seems of no use whatever to you whom I love, yet it will not have been quite useless if you gain a little courage from this devotion.

Farewell from my soul; believe in all the affection of your

GIUSEPPE.

XXVII

To HIS MOTHER—GENOA

LONDON,
6th May, 1840.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

. . . . . .

The principle that you impress upon me to apply to our Workmen agrees with mine. I am what men call a

revolutionary; but in quite a different fashion from that of most revolutionaries of our day. I consider our cause not as one of simple reaction, or of material well-being, or of mere rights to be recognised, but as the cause of moral progress, of a great education to be given to men. Now, I do not consider education possible without a religious principle, and I shall always insist upon this. One of my great sorrows is to see our cause spoiled and profaned by a number of men who start from an opposite principle and can only succeed in provoking revolts and violence, without bringing to pass any of those great moral changes which the times demand. I have always separated myself from such men; and fortunately they are getting fewer daily, as materialism is being abandoned more and more by the intelligent men of our party. Among these workmen of ours there are still many who are materialists, without reasoning about the matter; it is merely a reaction against the bad priests in our country and elsewhere. I always try to make them see that they must not confuse two different things, and at a meeting where I spoke, I saw that the truth made an impression upon them. Next month I hope that we may begin the publication of a little paper called the *Apostolato Popolare*, and in it I shall inculcate the religious principle from the first, with as much zeal as I can. I will give you news how it progresses.

. . . . . .

Believe in the constant love of your

GIUSEPPE.

XXVIII

To HIS MOTHER—BAVARI

LONDON,
15th October, 1841.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

. . . . . .

My father's observations on Communism are very just, and I fully agree with his disapprobation, and even express it more explicitly, because it is important that we good and reasonable democrats should separate ourselves from that crew, which the Governments try to confound with us. To enable my father to know the truth about them, however, I will explain it in two words: they wish to abolish property, putting everything in the hands of the Government; and to arrange that the Government (giving I do not know how many hours' work to all) should distribute to all (in species, not in money) as much as they need. This is an absurd scheme, impossible to be realised, which would destroy all stimulus to activity in humanity, would substitute the idea of a certain material well-being for any idea of moral progress, would paralyse society, and would reduce us to the level of bees or beavers, performing a certain series of acts necessary for our physical life, and nothing more. Nevertheless this is an error of judgment on their part, and not an evil desire, that is to say, with many of them. The poor workmen, left isolated, without the help of intelligent men, sought amongst themselves what might be the remedy for their ills, and found this one, as the simplest. Then came Cabet, who, sound at heart, but not very intelligent, despaired of becoming a party-leader where there were other intelligent men. In

Communism, on the contrary, he was secure of being alone to rule the poor devils, and he made himself their head. What perpetuates this error is the conduct of many republicans, who, desiring a change *coûte qui coûte*, and not having any real beliefs of their own, remain silent, instead of breaking openly with the Communists, as they do not wish to lose their support. However, although it has made great progress during these latter times, this Communism is confined to only a portion of the workmen. The saner and more intelligent portion is far from such follies.

. . . . . .

GIUSEPPE.

XXIX

To HIS MOTHER—BAVARI

LONDON,
14th November, 1841.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

. . . . . .

The School was opened on the evening of the 10th. The first evening fifty-one men came to enter their names; the second evening sixty-five. I do not know yet about yesterday, but this is more than a success, and proves that people are willing to grasp at instruction when it is offered them. These poor devils work or go about with their organs all day, and then when they are tired, if they have a penny to spare, wander into a public-house, and drink till they fall asleep. To devote these two hours to study instead is a great deal for them, and their coming like this speaks well for the Italian nature. There are other obstacles in the way of success, but we shall see about these later. This

affair of the School meets with general approbation, including that of the English.

. . . . . .

GIUSEPPE.

In 1841 Mazzini started an evening school for Italian organ-boys in London, which flourished, thanks to the affection which the boys felt for him and to the help of English friends. The teaching was given gratuitously by some Italian and English friends, among whom was Joseph Toynbee. Mazzini spent many of his evenings at it and gave much time to raising funds at bazaars and concerts, at which Mario and Grisi sang.

XXX

To HIS MOTHER—GENOA

LONDON,
22nd November, 1841.

. . . . . .

Let us come to the School. The scholars are already a hundred and nine, and on this side things cannot go better; the subscribers, although their numbers do not mount up so quickly (it is one thing to learn, and another to spend), still increase sufficiently to assure the undertaking on that side also. However, I have had to go through a storm already. Some of the men who have taken an active part in the matter, men who wish me well, but are exceedingly nervous, immediately tried to turn the School aside from its principles, and reduce it in my absence to a place where merely reading and writing were taught. They asked the scholars, for instance, whether they wished to study geography, as was put in the programme. Now

you might as well throw a stone at their heads as the word 'geography'; what could they understand of this Greek term? Consequently they all, with one exception, answered in the negative. Thereupon these men of whom I speak decided at once that geography should not be taught. And other things of the same sort. I convoked a meeting, in which I declared that the object of the school was not merely to teach reading and writing like at the elementary schools in Italy, but to give an instruction which had in view the education of the minds of the scholars, and that teaching geography and giving a series of lectures on the History of their Country would fulfil this object very well at present, and that I could make no compromise, etc.

The result is that some of those who had wished to take the direction have withdrawn, and the matter now remains entirely as I desire.

. . . . . .

GIUSEPPE.

XXXI

To HIS MOTHER—GENOA

LONDON,
12th November, 1842.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

. . . . . .

I cannot discuss at length with my father his objections to the institution of the Republic, but I wish to make one remark, which in my opinion is very important. That is: that wishing to conquer passions and change bad tendencies before speaking of a Republic, is not possible. When a man is living in a place where the air does not suit him

and is vitiated, the first thing to be done in order to cure him is to give him a change of air. It is the same thing with Society. It is impossible to improve man unless you change the element which surrounds him—called in physics the *medium*. It is very true that our writings are not enough to change him; but that is because whilst books preach one thing, Society is preaching another with a more powerful voice. Whilst books, for instance, preach disinterest, Society concedes all the privileges to the rich, and preaches the love of money; whilst books preach fraternal equality, Society founded upon inequality, does not leave a man free to benefit by other teaching. One cannot make a slave into a man morally free without first freeing him from slavery.

And now I come to the Anniversary. It was celebrated on the evening of the 10th, and went off in a way to enrage our enemies. A little music at the beginning, then a speech from the Director—then the distribution of some medals —then a little music again—a speech from Professor Rossetti—a distribution of prizes to other classes—a speech from the Administrator (statement of accounts, etc.)—a speech of mine—the distribution of more prizes—thanks to the Director—more music—and so on. The hall was full. There were English people there, ladies and gentlemen, although as usual many of those who had promised did not come. Many of the men and boys received prizes, consisting of medals and books, and some girls also. The scene was most touching. Amongst those who gained prizes were some little boys of from ten to twelve years of age, and some old men who have only now learnt to read. When they were summoned, they came up to receive their medals quite excited at having gained prizes, and at being applauded by ladies and gentlemen. Most of them were dressed in their best, but others, organ-grinders, etc., came in the same

clothes as they wear when they go about the streets. They felt like men for the first time. The speeches were more daring than usual; that is to say, we spoke to them of their Country, the unity of Italy, the necessity of being educated, etc. If you could have heard the applause which came from these scholars (little more than brutes a year ago) at the passages which spoke of Italy, you would have wept. When I had finished my speech, they gave me an improvised ovation, which made me blush like a girl. One of the youngest, a boy, came to offer me a bouquet of flowers with a sonnet which he read to me. The grand moment was when supper was brought in. Just imagine the delight of perhaps a hundred and fifty of these lads at seeing before them *maccheroni asciutti* garnished with butter and Parmesan cheese! This was distributed by the masters, and then they had a piece of roast meat, cheese and beer. There were a good many women at table, workmen's wives. The Director Pistrucci made an improvised speech. When I entered, having stopped to speak to some of the English guests, there were prolonged shouts and acclamations. After the meeting in the School was over, an Italian lady (I do not know who she was) came to ask for a flower from my bouquet as a souvenir. Other ladies, Englishwomen, shook hands with me and said the most extravagant things. In short, I was as proud as Punch. I tell you all this because I know that you will like to hear it. You will wonder how we could afford the expense of the supper, and the rest. By a loan, borrowed on the promise of repaying it the same evening; and in fact this was done, by the contributions. We collected £13, mostly, I believe, from English people. £5 was sent by Lady Byron, who could not come because she was ill. Less was collected, however, than I expected, as so many people failed us who had intended coming, and who would certainly have contributed. But

this manifestation will make the School become better known, and I am sure that it will have good results. I will let you know what our adversaries say. Amongst the audience there was a member of the Committee of the School of Baldacchoni, a kind-hearted old man, but timid, who must have trembled at some of the propositions that he heard. I shall learn all about this later, and will tell you. It is sufficient for the present that the affair went off splendidly. I returned at three o'clock in the morning. Now the papers will speak of it, and we shall see what English sympathy produces.

Meanwhile receive a heartfelt embrace, and believe always in the love of your son

GIUSEPPE.

XXXII

To QUIRINA MOCENNI MAGIOTTI—FLORENCE

LONDON,
15th December, 1843.

SIGNORA,

You have not answered my last letter, and from your silence and what you say in your recent letter to my friend, I perceive that you are angry with me. I do not pretend to defend myself; first, because I do not feel myself entirely blameless; secondly, because the reason of your anger, even if it seems to me unmerited, is an affection which I reverence; and lastly, because it would be useless my trying to defend myself with words, for you would need to be here and see the sort of life I lead. However, as your anger weighs upon me more than you imagine, I feel that I must tell you how I have been living for these last

two years. I have been struggling with poverty and debts, in perpetual uncertainty how to satisfy the most pressing engagements, turning to local Loan-Societies and not knowing how to meet the weekly payments which they exact, having recourse through friends to usurers (who lend 40 lire and make you pay 65), pledging even the most precious souvenirs of my mother, tortured day and night by the thought of the abyss which was opening before me through these fatal remedies, and forced to devote my few tranquil hours to earning sufficient to provide for my immediate necessities, by writing articles for an English Review, and making translations for Tipaldo. If you knew all this, you with your soft and compassionate heart, would certainly not judge me too severely, and would perhaps remember that our Foscolo, oppressed by similar circumstances, was prevented from completing a dozen works which he had begun.

Enrico and other friends saved me from the inevitable ruin into which I should have been plunged, by freeing me from the usurers, and giving me time, the only thing that I need so as to work and emancipate myself. However, even before their intervention, I did not fail entirely in the obligation which I had assumed to honour Foscolo's memory. Every minute of the time that remained over from the work of earning my living, and from other work which I cannot, and ought not, and do not choose to abandon for anything in the world, I devoted to Foscolo. The edition of Dante, and the publication (now finished), of the *Scritti Politici Inediti*, will certainly contribute to revive the admiration which the younger generation owes to Foscolo's memory, and which was dying out. Why do you not take this into consideration? Why should you judge me coldly on the dead letter of the contract which was morally drawn up between us?

I send back the manuscripts to you, according to your wish. I have transcribed for myself part of what was necessary, not all. If I can one day send you half the book that you wish for, perhaps you will get someone to transscribe for me whatever may be of use in the other half; but this depends upon circumstances which the coming year will decide.

I send you the money which you generously advanced for the fragments of the *Lettera Apologetica*. I was unable to do so before.

Rolandi, who is now in Italy, will tell you that he was not able to sell a single one of the portraits which you sent me. The copies are in my hands, except a few that I gave to friends, for which I send you the value. The lithograph was considered very bad *here*, and it is really bad; the portrait could not fetch more than a shilling if it were sold. Ask Enrico, who knows this country, whether it is easy for an exile to sell copies of this portrait, when a librarian like Rolandi despairs of it. I will make endeavours, all the same; and if, as is probable, I do not succeed, will return the copies to you.

Farewell, Signora. Perhaps you do not care for the esteem of one who has deceived your hopes; but nevertheless I assure you of my esteem and affection.

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

Bad house-keeping and generosity to his fellow-exiles exhausted his small income, and he fell more and more into the hands of money-lenders, who charged him 30 or 40 per cent. or more. His debts never much exceeded £300, but they were a crushing burden to him.

Mazzini greatly admired Ugo Foscolo, the poet and student of Dante, and had long planned an edition of Foscolo's collected writings. In London he discovered the manuscript of

Foscolo's unpublished *Lettera Apologetica*, and his unfinished notes on Dante, which he completed without acknowledging his own authorship. He was successful in getting four volumes of Foscolo's writings published at London, and subsequently a further volume at Lugano. He assisted in the complete edition which was brought out at Florence a few years later.

XXXIII

To HIS MOTHER—GENOA

LONDON,
17th February, 1844.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

. . . . . .

As I have often told you, I have neither faith in the Court of Rome nor respect for it; but I cannot, and never shall be able to become a Protestant. I need religious unity, I need a Church, which certainly is not the Church of to-day (even as I understand it), but which is exclusive of Protestantism. There are several gentlemen here, who if I chose to give the slightest colour of Protestantism to the School, would contribute as much money as I wished; but I have always refused. Not out of respect for convention, thank God, for I really have no such respect; but because my convictions are not on the side of Protestantism.

The monks (so true is it that they care only for money) try to injure the School as much as the Protestants, by telling everyone that we do not give the Bible to be read in our classes, and that they on the contrary are willing to give it. As to reform, and what my father says with regard to it, there is no doubt that we must begin by depriving

the Pope of temporal power. But even when this is done, faith will not revive. Faith is dead in men's hearts, because most of the clergy themselves have lost their faith, and because very many things in which the Church believed, and with which she surrounded the teaching of Christ, no longer obtain faith in our heart. More, therefore, requires to be done, and a reform in discipline only would lead to nothing. A great revision of the various points of belief is necessary; and this will be made by a Council truly œcumenical, in which there will be both clerical and secular representatives of the various creeds which now divide Humanity. This, however, is in the far future. Dissolution, serious as it is, has not reached its climax; and before the great religious revolution which is on the way, it is God's plan that great political revolutions should take place, in order that the nations may be free to hear and understand. In Italy especially—whence, nevertheless, must go forth the word of faith—we are still far from the goal, because opinions are too much tinged either with materialism or superstition. The fall of the political Roman Empire and the invasion of the Barbarians were necessary, so that the soil should be prepared everywhere for Christianity. Our times are analogous, and a great convulsion is needed on all sides to set men's souls in a ferment, for them to be in a fit condition to receive the tongues of fire. I must warn you that if I begin speaking of religion, I never stop. It is better, therefore, to interrupt myself. I embrace you in parting. . . .

Your

GIUSEPPE.

XXXIV

To EMILIO BANDIERA—CORFÙ

LONDON,
May, 1844.

MY BROTHER,

If my promise of always being a brother and companion to you in the career which you have chosen to pursue can be of any comfort in the internal struggle which you have now to undergo, I repeat it to you with heartfelt warmth. I already care more for you than if we had known each other for years on another path of life.

It seems to me that you possess that which is wanting in most men, *perseverance* in sacrifice; the perseverance which is the complement of all human virtues. We will suffer and fight together then, joined by the very few others who regard our cause, not merely as an outlet for reaction, but as the cause of faith, and who admire and love you as I do.

Be strong against the call of your mother's affection; and I hope that one day you will be able to meet her again without shame. She will then feel that you were right in your refusal to follow her. Poor illuded mothers! Perhaps, besides the dishonour, she might at some future time have had to weep your loss in a much more painful way. The Austrian Government has now sent you into exile; but when once back in its power, an imprudent word or gesture of yours might have given rise to a trial for some fault committed before your safe-conduct. As to the others, do not mind them. Our cause lies between God and ourselves. We have no judges but our conscience. The

more superior our ideal is to the present state of the country, the more superior our minds ought to feel.

G. MAZZINI.

Attilio and Emilio Bandiera were two young Venetian nobles, officers in the Austrian Navy. They were ardent patriots, joined Young Italy, and offered themselves for revolutionary work. Their design was discovered by police agents, who invented a plot in Southern Italy and persuaded them to go to its help. When they landed near Cosenza, they were trapped and shot.

XXXV

To HIS MOTHER—GENOA

LONDON,
21*st June*, 1844.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I write to-day, Friday, because yesterday was the Concert, and I had so much to do that I thought I should go crazy; you can have no idea of what an amount of indispensable details there were. Enough; it is over now. I cannot say as yet what the financial result will be, as it depends upon tickets sold outside, about which I shall know shortly; but for all the rest it went splendidly, and I am content. I would tell you more about it, if I did not wish to speak to you of another business, which you will perhaps have heard about confusedly by now. You must know then, that ever since the month of March, all my letters, whether coming from abroad or from England, or even from London itself, were opened, by order of the

Minister of the Interior, Sir James Graham. The thing was done with every precaution possible, so that I might not perceive it; and thus the business could continue as long as they liked. I came to know of it two months ago, but have spent all this time in collecting positive proofs. I worked at this matter, and as soon as I had the proofs, decided to put an end to the matter, and together with some of the individuals whose letters to me had been opened, presented a petition to Parliament, stating how our letters were illegally detained at the Post Office and read; that we were ready to give proofs of our assertions, and therefore requested justice and a remedy from the House. A Member, Thomas Duncombe, undertook to present it. I was in the House when the affair came on.

The Minister had been informed the day before, and had had time to consider. He saw that it could not be denied, and said it was true, but by virture of an Act of Parliament passed in the reign of Queen Anne and confirmed a few years ago, the Ministers had the power of doing this on their own responsibility; this order had been rescinded some days ago, and therefore there was no longer any reason to discuss an *urgent* remedy. There followed speeches of many Members against him; he was asked why he had thought it necessary to make use of an extraordinary power; how long the order had lasted, etc., etc. To all these questions, he only replied by declaring again his determination of not giving information on this fact. You must know that the Act established that the Ministers can make use of this power when the safety of the State requires it, on their own responsibility; but if when they are requested to explain their reasons, they can refuse to do so, goodbye to the responsibility. It was decided that the matter should be discussed at the end of the session, when the Government funds are voted. The

debate was most animated; such strong terms were employed against the Minister that the Members had to be called to order. During the following days the Press pronounced unanimously against the Minister. Some of the newspapers declared that he ought to be summoned in the Law Courts, others compared him to Fouché and Vidocq. *The Times* itself, the paper of the high Aristocracy, after having been silent one day, probably so as to gather the opinion of the Public, published a violent article, saying it was a fact of such a nature as to threaten the stability of the Government. *The Times* being the organ of an opinion contrary to mine, the writer of the article affected not to know me, and said: "a certain Signor Mazzini." The next day, without my having seen him or requested such a thing, Carlyle wrote to *The Times* a letter of which I transcribe the first part for your satisfaction: "Gentlemen, in your observations of yesterday on the shameful affair of the letters of Signor Mazzini and the Minister, you say that Signor Mazzini is quite unknown to you, and you are quite indifferent to him, and you add very justly that even if he were the most unworthy of men, the case would remain unchanged. It may tend to throw more light on this subject if I assure you, as I feel in a certain way bound to do, that Signor Mazzini is not unknown to various competent persons in this country; that he is very far from being unworthy; no one, indeed, or very few amongst those now living, is further from being so. I have had the honour of knowing Signor Mazzini for some years, and whatever I may think of his practical talent in worldly matters, I can freely attest to everyone that he is a man of greater genius and virtue than I have ever met perhaps in my life; a man of profound veracity, humanity, and elevation of mind; one of those rare men, in fact, who must unfortunately be counted as units on this earth; who deserve the name of martyr-souls;

and who silently and completely, in their daily life, understand and practise duty."

Carlyle, for his honesty and talent, is regarded here as a kind of power, and this letter is therefore important.

The affair was also spoken of in the House of Lords, where Lords Denman, Clanricarde, Campbell, and others, attacked the Minister. Lord Wellington replied in the same way as Sir James Graham in the Lower House. Yesterday two petitions were presented by the inhabitants of two parishes demanding the revocation of the Act.

I will keep you informed of everything. Rest assured meanwhile that this will not do me any harm. It has been a complaisance of the English Government towards Austria which may still bring repentance.

I received your letter of the 14th June to-day, but have not a minute's time before posting mine, and must leave you for the present with an embrace *in solidum*.

Believe me your most loving

GIUSEPPE.

Mazzini discovered by careful experiments that his letters were opened in the English Post Office, re-sealed, and the postmark altered; he charged the Government with communicating their contents to the Neapolitan Government, thus putting them on their guard against the Bandiera plot. The question was raised in the House of Commons, and there was a storm of indignation in the country that the Home Office had "played the spy." Parliamentary Committees showed beyond a doubt that Mazzini's charges were in the main true, though the information sent to Naples was of a general character and did not mention individuals. Carlyle, in a famous letter to *The Times*, voiced the public anger at "opening of men's letters, a practice near of kin to picking men's pockets."

XXXVI

To HIS MOTHER—GENOA

LONDON,
16*th August*, 1844.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I answer yours of the 3rd August. I am overwhelmed with sorrow for the death of the Bandiera and their companions; which, although I have not yet received direct news, I believe to be true. Sorrow, not for the cause, which the loss of a few individuals cannot affect, but for the men themselves, who were among the best that I have met during the last ten years. When I say *met*, you will understand me; although here the Embassies say that these young fellows thought of nothing but their career till they met me in London. I never knew them, for the simple reason that they never were in England. The only Austrian warship which came here was the *Bellona*, and Moro was the only one of our party upon it. The Bandiera were then in Syria, and later at Smyrna. In the few pages that I shall dedicate to their memory I shall say what I knew of them; it is certain that they were of rare worth. However, their ardour was excessive; and the expedition of twenty men only was made by them not merely against my advice, but also against that of our friends in Malta and Corfù. I will tell you more about it later. A paper here, called the *Morning Herald*, the ministerial organ of Sir James Graham, quoted the other day a fragment of a letter purporting to be from Emilio Bandiera to me, sent from Italy, and intercepted by one of the Italian Governments. In this fragment Emilio advised me to accept offers of money made by Russia on condition of putting the Duke of Leuchtenberg on the

throne! I need not tell you that all this is false. Emilio Bandiera did not write to me, and could never have written to me after he disembarked in Italy. He was a republican, as I am. And I only quote these things to show you what sort of weapons are used by the Embassies. I say by the Embassies, because Lord Brougham, who during these last few weeks has been setting about hateful things of me everywhere, when bitterly reproached by Mrs. Baring at their house, told her that he had his facts from the Sardinian Embassy. Just imagine that, amongst other things I was accused of keeping a gaming-house!

I thank God that I, a republican and a revolutionary, have never made use of the weapon of calumny against our enemies. However, all this gossip has not done me any harm. Lord Brougham's tales have been scorned everywhere; and a proof that even my adversaries esteem me lies in the fact that Baring, to whose house I have been invited, as I told you, is not only a Tory, but a member of the Cabinet. For the present, the business about the letters is at an end, because Parliament is dissolved; but on the reopening of the House the discussion will be resumed concerning the Bill of Lord Radnor, and a motion which Duncombe will make in the Commons. In the interval I will finish writing an article on Italian matters which I had already begun, so as to try to enlighten public opinion. My father says well, that if I had been the organiser of the Bandiera expedition, I should have been at their head. If I should ever organise one some day, I should certainly be in it myself.

. . . . . .

GIUSEPPE.

XXXVII

To HIS MOTHER—GENOA

LONDON,
4th December, 1844.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

. . . . . .

We have at last founded a public Association for the Protection of Italian Boys and Lads; we have appointed an official, who will be ready to receive complaints against their masters every evening; after which the Society will verify matters and bring a law-suit if needed. The funds of the Society will be placed in the Bank of London at Westminster. Lord Ashley will be the President. This Society will not develop much till after a public meeting, which is to take place in a month's time, when the wealthy people begin to return from the country. But meanwhile we shall see what results this will have for the School; that is, whether the masters will be alarmed and send all their lads to the School, or whether they will keep up the feud. I will let you know what happens.

. . . . . .

GIUSEPPE.

XXXVIII

To HIS MOTHER—GENOA

LONDON,
8th January, 1845.

. . . . . .

The Society for the Protection of Italian Lads will do good, you may be sure, and will also give a favourable

idea of us to the English. I have not time to tell you all the horrors that some of the masters commit towards the poor boys, and that they bear in silence because they do not know to whom to appeal, and because terror has made them more abject than nigger-slaves; but it is a matter that cries for vengeance. As no one came in contact with these people, who live in two or three wretched London streets, of which the existence is scarcely known, the condition of things remained undiscovered. But the School has revealed everything. As soon as I can, I will write in Italian an account of the situation of these lads, with a series of facts that will arouse horror. It will be a work of charity, and I shall not put a syllable of politics into it. I shall address it to charitable Italians, and to parish priests of the mountain-places from where these boys come, and shall make an appeal to them that they should preach to the mothers and fathers not to let themselves be deceived by those who go to make the contracts. I will send it, and we shall see whether the Governments prohibit this also. Here we shall proceed in a different way, going to law whenever there is occasion for it. You will see that this will succeed. . . .

GIUSEPPE.

XXXIX

To HIS MOTHER—GENOA

LONDON,
14th February, 1845.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

. . . . . .

On the 18th, next Tuesday, the affair of the letters will be discussed in Parliament; and I am extremely busy.

I published a long letter on this business in the *Morning Chronicle* yesterday, signed of course; and I hope that they will publish another still longer on Monday, the day before the discussion. Perhaps I shall send it you in English, and you can get someone to translate it for you. Duncombe has decided to speak so warmly on the affair of Bandiera, etc., that he is sure to get called to order. The Ministry, wishing to avoid a storm, has caused the news to be spread and inserted in some of the papers that the *cabinet noir* has been dissolved, and the officials who composed it dismissed. This is the truth; but it is not sufficient for us. They may close all the *bureaux* in the world, but until an Act of Parliament declares such a power illegal, and enforces on the Directors of the Post that they must resist every demand made no matter by whom, the thing might begin again at any moment. However, the step taken by the Ministers to put an end to it, after they had talked so much of their rights, is a triumph gained. We shall see what happens. My second letter to the *Morning Chronicle,* if they insert it, is rather daring, but still within bounds. It speaks of the proof which the Ministers have given by this act, that all their tendencies incline towards absolutism, and of the conditions in Italy, and finishes as follows:

"Will the next discussion in Parliament provoke feelings similar to those that I have here expressed? I do not know; but I know one thing, which is: that I shall never meet a Member of the Cabinet or one of the Members of Parliament who has supported this hateful practice with his vote, without a consoling voice murmuring to me: "You are poor and in exile; but, thank God, you have never joined secretly with the powerful oppressor against the weak oppressed; you have never babbled of constitutional liberty whilst you were aiding a state of servitude in Europe; and you have never broken the seal of a letter belonging to

another man, with the idea of transmitting the contents of it, Judas-like, to the enemy of that man."

. . . . . .

GIUSEPPE.

XL

To HIS MOTHER—GENOA

LONDON,
7th August, 1845.

DEAR MOTHER,

. . . . . .

You say truly that what the French are doing in Africa is an infamy; and it is all the more so, because the only justification of the French invasion is a mission of European civilisation. I believe that Europe has been providentially called to conquer the rest of the world to progressive civilisation. Therefore, although politically unjust, I watch with satisfaction some steps of the Europeans in the countries ruled by stationary and retrograde beliefs;—the French in Algeria, the English in China, the Russians in Asia, if they ever go there, appear to me necessary missionaries of Humanity. The crowned fools who send them for their own selfish or wicked ends, appear to me like puppets in the hand of Providence; but I understand progressive conquest in very different terms. I admit that making use of an opportunity, a European Power may occupy, even by an act of violence, some portion of African, Chinese, or Asiatic territory; and then, from that position, show as one does with the model of a machine, how superior European civilisation is to theirs. I forgive invasion on this understanding. But the war of brutal and frantic

conquest that the French are pursuing now in Algeria, accompanied by horrors like that of the grotto of Dahra, is not only an injustice, but a contradiction of the mission of Europe and of the law of Providence.

. . . . . .

GIUSEPPE.

XLI

To HIS MOTHER—GENOA

LONDON,
29th April, 1846.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I answer just two or three lines to yours of the 13th April, which reached me on Monday. If I were convinced that the delay of two or three days would not make you suspect something wrong, so long as I wrote within a week, I would put off writing till to-morrow, when I should be able to send you a long letter. But I prefer to send you these two lines to-day, so that you may not get ideas into your head. The business which had accumulated in these two weeks is inconceivable. On Sunday there was the Lecture in the School; on Monday a Meeting for the School, and a sitting for the famous portrait; yesterday a dinner-party and a soirée; to-day I must go to Chelsea, and from here where I live it is quite a journey. I have an appointment with a friend who is leaving for France, to whom I must give two letters; and then I must come back home and go out again, to dine at a house not far off. And all this, whilst I have so much to do for our own business, for Foscolo, and for another work which I have on hand. So you must all be patient for to-day; next week I shall have some leisure, I hope, and shall give an airing to all my ideas. No news

that matters, except disturbances everywhere. God knows how they will end. I am in good health, and we are having on the whole fine weather. Embrace my father for me, and believe in the love of your busy

GIUSEPPE.

If I receive your letter on Friday or Saturday as usual, I will answer on Monday. To-day is Wednesday. My lectures on Astronomy fill the School. Last Sunday it was crammed. They are all Italian workmen, who seem to begin to like learning. There come also from time to time Englishmen who have travelled in Italy and who understand Italian. Amongst all my work, this is what gives me the most pleasure, although speaking for a whole hour rather tires me.

7th May, 1846.

. . . . . .

I no longer have a maidservant; I have an Italian lad, whom I took away from a master who was treating him very badly. He is as ignorant as he can be; but for honesty I would trust him with my life. He is one of those beings who through the fault of their condition are hardly better than beasts, but who, like dogs, need to feel affection and reverence for another being; as old soldiers for their officers. This sort of affection, which cannot be explained, he has for me. Savage as he is, finding difficulty in expressing himself and also in understanding, he yet goes on the tips of his toes when he passes my door in the morning, so as not to wake me, although I am wide awake. He goes every evening to the School, but with little profit. He is a native of a district of Italian Switzerland. I think that whatever my life is to be, I shall always keep him with me, as if I were to leave him, I believe that he would not know what to do and might die in the street. . . .

XLII

To JANE CARLYLE—Liverpool

[Written in English by Mazzini]

London,
Friday, 10*th July*, 1846.

My dear Friend,

I was yesterday almost the whole day out, and did not receive your note except in the evening, when it was too late to answer it. Your few words sound sad, deeply, I will not say irreparably sad; and the worst of it is that none can help you except yourself. It is only you who can, by a calm, dispassionate, fair re-examination of the past, send back to nothingness the ghosts and phantoms that you have been conjuring up; it is only you who can teach yourself that whatever the *present* may be, you must front it with dignity, with a clear perception of all your duties, with a due reverence to your immortal soul, with a faith in times to come that are to dawn under the approach of other cloudless suns. I could only point out to you duties the fulfilment of which can make Life, not happy (what can?) but earnest, sacred, and resigned; but I would make you frown or scorn: we have a different conception of Life, and are condemned here down (*below*) to walk on two parallels. Still, it is the feeling of those duties that saves me from the atheism of Despair, and leads me, through a life every day more barren and burdensome, in a sort of calm composed manner, such, I repeat, as the consciousness of something everlasting within us claims from every living mortal. For I now most coolly and deliberately do declare to you that, partly through what is known to you, partly through

things that will never be known, I am carrying a burden even heavier than yours, and have undergone even bitterer deceptions than you have. But, by dint of repeating to myself that there is no happiness under the moon, that Life is a self-sacrifice meant for some higher and happier thing, that to have a few loving beings, or if now, to have a mother watching you, from Italy or from Heaven it is all the same, ought to be quite enough to preserve us from falling, and by falling, parting (*being parted from them*). I have mustered up, thank God, strength enough to go on, to work at my task as far as I have been able to make it out, until I reach the grave; the grave for which the hour will come and is fast approaching, without my loudly calling for it. Awake and arise, dear friend; bent by pain or not, we must go on with a sad smile and practical encouragement from one another. We have something of our own to care about, something God-like that we must not yield to any living creature, whoever it be. Your life proves an empty thing, you say? Empty! Do not blaspheme; have you never done good? have you never loved? Think of your mother, and do good. Let the rest in (*Leave the rest to*) Providence. It is not as a mere piece of irony that God has placed us here, not as a mere piece of irony that He has given us those aspirations, those yearnings after happiness, that are now making us both unhappy. Can't you trust in Him a little longer?

How long will you remain at Seaforth? Does he propose to go, himself, anywhere? I was coming to see you on Saturday. The exertions for the Concert have quite knocked me down. Remember me to Mrs. and Mr. Paulet. Write, if and when it does good, even homœopathically, to you; and be assured that to me it will always do (*so*).

Ever yours,

Jos. Mazzini.

Mazzini came to be intimate with the Carlyles. From Carlyle's political opinions he was poles asunder, and Carlyle was scornful alike of his revolutionary plans and his idealist philosophy, though he angrily defended him before strangers. His feeling toward Mrs. Carlyle was much warmer, and she made him the confidant of her home troubles. To these this letter refers. "To the last," wrote her husband, "she had always an affection for him." Even Carlyle came in later years to appreciate him. "Mazzini," he said, "is the most *pious* living man I know. The idealist has conquered and transformed his Utopia into a patent and potent reality."

XLIII

To CARLO FENZI—FLORENCE

LONDON,
3rd September, 1846.

BROTHER,

. . . . . .

There are certain men who for several years have taken upon themselves to guide affairs without knowing either what they want or what is wanted for Italy. A little while ago they boasted of Carlo-Alberto as a regenerator; now they salute the Pope as such; and presently, if I am well informed, they will be declaring that the deliverance of the Country rests with the King of Naples. . . .

Of the two Kings there is no need to speak; and as for the Pope, whose intentions seem really good, what can he do? Tempt the country away from the national idea upon which we could count, by giving it local interests and hopes. This is a greater danger in Italy than people imagine. Woe if our principles ever entered the road of material and administrative improvements. Certainly men would educate

themselves to a feeling of their own independence, but the feeling of duty, of a mission, of national unity, would disappear. And if there is a land where federation would take root and be organised, it is ours; if there is a land in which federation would not only perpetuate weakness and absolute impotence in the eyes of Europe, but bring back amongst us the disagreements and heart-burnings of the Middle Ages, it is ours. Luckily, however, the aristocracy of the clergy, the Jesuits, and Austria, will fight for us; and out of this enthusiasm, praiseworthy at first, but threatening to submerge the national idea, there will probably arise in a few months a reaction of disappointed hopes.

Giving you my opinion, without space to explain my reasons, it is possible that you may not agree with me; but that matters little to our correspondence. I do not see any possibility of efficacious national progress in the government of the Pope, even if we concede to him the best intentions in the world; but if there is a possibility, then so much the better, and facts will modify my opinions. The thing which matters for our correspondence is that you should be as convinced as I am, that the question for us is national; that we need unity; that we ought not to swerve an inch from our scope; or to forget it for a moment; that a party which has arisen lately threatens this scope; and that it is now more than ever our duty to uphold the great idea and to fight for it, organising ourselves in such a way that the rising generation should not stray from the path. It is not a question of manifestations, intolerance, or ill-will against good intentions where they are shown; but of keeping people's minds fixed on the goal, preaching to some not to forget that we must tend to be a Nation, and manifesting to others that we persist in tending towards it, and also putting a spark of nationality if possible into the

man—be he Pope or King—who wishes to become a Reformer, and preparing minds to win nationality. There are those who now hope in one or another of the Governments, but they must not neglect one fact, namely: that all this flare of good intentions is owing to the altruism of our party, which has forced the others to recognise the necessity of doing *something*, so as not to be deprived of *everything*.

You know most of my leading ideas, but the only one on which it is necessary to be in absolute agreement is that of unity, and the need of working to win it by our own strength. With regard to all other questions, I am convinced but tolerant, precisely because I believe in the inevitable future. Besides my democratic principles force me to stop short as to actions, waiting for an expression of the national will and only retaining the right of preaching freely what seems to me the political truth. We do not wish to proclaim either a Kingdom or a Republic; we believe that until Italian soil has been emancipated as far as the Alps, no one can declare how the nation shall be governed. All must be provisionary during the war of insurrection. Once the country is free, the country will decide. I have repeated this to everyone who asked me; but there are men of bad faith amongst us, who like to attribute to me despotic opinions on political organisation, because they fear my symbol of unity and my incessant action to attain this end.

. . . . . .

Believe in the esteem of your

GIUS. MAZZINI.

XLIV

To CARLO FENZI—Florence

London,
September, 1846.

My Brother,

These lines are for you yourself. Others would tell you that I seize every opportunity of propaganda; but I assure you that in writing to you I think more of you than of the Country. An individual can do so much good to the Country if he wishes; but if he does not do it, others will do it instead of him; when the times are ripe, men are never wanting. God raises them up, to carry out his decrees. But the individual who falsifies his own life and is faithless to his mission, is lost. You seem to me to be born with right feelings and called to do good; but I think your convictions are not sufficiently deep, and you would easily be misled by the external world which is now so corrupt. Therefore I should consider myself to have failed in my duty as a man and an Italian, if I were to part from you, perhaps for ever, without leaving you a memory of my affection.

Brother, Schiller's words, "Ernst ist das Leben," are true for all, but especially for us Italians. Life without a noble object, life not devoted to the cult of a great idea, is not life, but vegetation. Do you wish to be a vegetable? Temptations will not be wanting to induce you to become one. You would have *sensations* perhaps, but you would always feel a void in your soul; besides, you would not have any friends, and the few souls similar to mine would despise you. Do you wish to be a man? Train your life on earth to be an adoration of the Beautiful, the Great, and the Divine, and act so as to train the lives of others to this also. But

observe that this thing that I am asking of you is a serious business, much more so than you imagine. An instinctive wish of the heart is not sufficient; it is not sufficient that the enthusiasm of a generous nature urges you from time to time to a fine action—this is the case with *men of impulse*, who are a degree inferior to real *men*. It is necessary that the adoration which I demand from you should be constant, at all times, and in all your acts. It is necessary that you should be an inspiration, an incarnation, of it. The great symbol contained in Christ is the incarnation of God in man, and it ought always to be our Ideal. It is necessary that you should work all your life to make your individual soul a temple of the Ideal, of God. It is necessary that this motive of yours should enable you to resist all the distractions of youth; it is necessary that it should enable you to resist the hateful materialism which will surround you, and the ridicule and persecution to which you will possibly be subjected on the way if you are faithful to your cult. It is necessary that you should accept in compensation a peaceful conscience, the certitude of helping on the progress of the human race, and the brotherhood of the few rare and solitary souls scattered here and there in the world, who know what life is and understand its duties and its sanctities (and amongst these last is perhaps mine). If you had a country, I should say that wherever you seek a subject for this adoration, in art, science, or industry, you could find it. But we have no Country; we are still seeking to form round us the element in which we must work—to use a prosaic expression, we have still to set up our *bottega* (workshop). And till then we are disinherited from any kind of power. Adoring art or industry, you would forcibly become an egoist, having no object to work for. You would work and improve yourself for *yourself*, and for those whom you love, who are part of yourself; not for all, not for the

Idea. Now, the difference between *love* and *duty* is that sacrificing ourselves for those whom we love gives us pleasure; but that which gives us *pleasure* when it is for those whom we love, we ought to do for *all* without pleasure, merely because we know it to be our duty. At present you cannot work for all, you cannot freely develop all the faculties with which God has endowed you; as Homer said two or three thousand years ago: half the soul of the slave is taken away by Jupiter;—you are a slave, and you have to win back the other half of your soul.

You cannot therefore express your Worship of the Ideal except in Love for your Country. If you wish to be a *man*, all your life ought to be devoted to the enterprise of winning for yourself a Country.

Believe in the esteem and affection of your brother

GIUSEPPE.

XLV

To GIUSEPPE LAMBERTI—PARIS

LONDON,
10th September, 1846.

DEAR GIUSEPPE,

My life is very sad. Mind you don't take it too much to heart, because it is not anything new, and I am accustomed to it; but now and then I feel that I must let out my misery, and then I feel better afterwards. Putting aside physical sufferings (pains in the right loin and elsewhere of which I have been aware for some years and which will end in serious trouble), for I cannot expect to be exempt from illness which is the lot of all—putting aside the silent woes and sorrows of exile, and the void in my soul, common

to all—putting aside the torture of a personal sorrow, of which I cannot speak (an affection that was born by force of circumstances, and can only have the saddest result)—putting aside the absolute contempt of my fellow-citizens, and my inability to enjoy comfort and sympathy (a condition which has reached the point of making me flee—often by subterfuge—from the contact of people between whom and myself there exists a mutual respect and liking, but yet in whose presence I suffer)—the last blow has been given by my financial position, which rules my life, and deprives me of the use of my mental powers. You know how I paid off my old debts by contracting new ones. Of these latter, some are on a business-footing, and I pay annually; last August I paid a note of exchange to Paolini for forty pounds. Others are to money-lenders, and I pay duly through intermediaries. Others again are on a friendly footing, and therefore I have more time, but still they must be paid. These payments, you understand, absorb most of my income, and the rest goes to Italians and others who apply to me in crowds. It is all very well to say: "Do not give anything," for that one's nature would have to be changed, and I cannot change mine. That good man Faentino, recommended to me by our party, who is really deserving, but without employment and without a halfpenny, has cost me alone 120 francs; after him comes another, and as for all the small gifts, there is not a day on which I do not spend shillings, florins, and four-shilling pieces. To live, even sparingly, costs more in England than elsewhere. So I must work. At first I used to write for the Reviews, which paid me a pound sterling a page; but they all failed, and now only pay wretchedly; therefore I accept any sort of work. I write in a weekly paper called the *People's Journal*; I translate Foscolo's English articles for Lemonnier at Florence; I have even corrected, for £4,

a dozen immense copybooks of the manuscripts of others. Now to all this work is added the Sunday lectures at the School, meetings, visits however few, and endless bother (which you in your position can imagine) about letters, petitions, and God knows what, to be written for the workmen, etc., etc.; and you can reckon how much time remains over for our own business. I absorb this time in letters, and not a minute is left to write for the cause. But it is my duty to write; and it is our chief weapon. I am conscious of ideas concerning philosophy, history, and politics, which could—I will not say bring me fame, God knows if I think of that—but do good in the future; and I seem called upon to proclaim the Italian mission. That which I once did with political articles on Italy, shows that I do not deceive myself. Even putting aside ideal grounds, and considering merely political reasons, I ought to put myself continually in the breach, answering pamphlet by pamphlet, volume by volume. I feel, that to do things well, I ought to be like O'Connell for Ireland, not occupied with anything but our National Cause. But this is not possible. I cannot write—I will not say works—but even political tracts. When I see their volumes, I am reduced to say: "Happy Gioberti! Happy Balbo, Azeglio, Durando! For the wretched sum of about 8,000 francs (which, when added to the interest, losses, discounts on bills, etc., is the amount which I use up every year in these payments), I have become, since I have been in England, the salaried manufacturer of English articles, translator, and corrector. The years pass, and my body, mind, and faculties are ageing, and I am still prevented from helping my Country, from fulfilling my mission, from expressing all that ferments within me, from leading the apostolate, the only compensation possible for the most barren life that anyone could have.

I see hundreds of men to whom 8,000 francs are nothing;

to whom, if they would free me, I would hand over everything that I might write on Italy for three years, or five years, or even for ever; but as the world is made, they not only do not dream of such a proposal, but perhaps I should not accept it from them. Each day I begin anew to roll the stone of Sisyphus; I sit at my table, surrounded by a heap of tiresome work, which sickens me; I make calculations with my pen; I see that if I were once free, the income which I receive from home is more than sufficient to live upon; and I curse life, and I feel my faculties wearing out from anger, disappointment, and fatigue. In God's name, Lamberti, grant me the merit of not despairing openly, and of persisting on my way as best I can. Now, you see, I have let out my feelings; be patient, and do not plague yourself too much about me, because if it is so, it had to be so, and let us change the subject. . . .

. . . . . .

GIUSEPPE.

XLVI

To HIS MOTHER—GENOA

LONDON,
7th November, 1846.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

. . . . . .

On the advice of some English people, I have decided to take measures for ensuring the future of the School, without perpetual uncertainties and search for contributors; and not only that, but also so as to be able to set up other schools where needed, or to help the crowd of poor Italians in London. Towards the end of April or the beginning of May

I will open a Bazaar, or rather an Exhibition, of objects to be sold for the benefit of the School and the purposes mentioned above. A Bazaar, as you know, remains open for a week, and curious people always flock to it and generally buy at a high price: it is a question of fashion and patronage. Now I have several Lady Patronesses who will assist in the sale. Some of them, perhaps about a dozen or more, will work for it also; but the chief characteristic of this Bazaar is that it will be National Italian, and most of the objects must be made in Italy, in the Italian manner, so as to give it local colour. Therefore all our Italian lady friends must help by working or presenting one or more objects between now and April. So I am turning to you at Genoa, as I shall turn to other persons in other Italian towns. Let everyone who cares for me contribute an object, the ladies something of their own work, the men something made by their wives or sisters, or those who are able buying something to present.

You need not say that this is too much to expect; you will see how it succeeds. Everyone must do what they can. For instance, our Caroline may have a friend, the Cousin another—they can ask them for a piece of work out of friendship, and the rest will do the same with their friends, for there is hardly anyone in the world without a friend. I leave it to their discretion to say what they please—either to say that it is for the Italian School, or merely to ask out of friendship without the need of an explanation. There is plenty of time, as you see. You can make use of opportunities and send them by degrees, or else all together in a box. We can arrange that later. The main point is the work. To my friend and cousin I send a list of the things that we should like to have; let her read it to you, and this will save me making a copy. They are almost all for women; but the men could give various things—so long as they are

Italian; for instance, something made of lava, a little cameo, an Italian landscape, a statuette; anything Italian, in short, that can cross the sea with impunity. Reckoning one object per head, a fine collection can be made from friend to friend, without much personal sacrifice. Who cannot give a small present once in a way? The great thing, I repeat, is not to forget, and to take the matter simply, asking people to be so kind as to work something for a charitable purpose. *Voilà tout.* I shall often have occasion to speak of this again.

. . . . . .

Love your
GIUSEPPE.

XLVII

To . . . .—PARIS

LONDON,
27th April, 1847.

SIR,

You ask me whether I will consent to a certain letter of mine, addressed to King Carlo Alberto at the end of the year 1831, being reprinted. Everything that I publish becomes the property of the readers the following day, and no longer mine; therefore anybody can do what he pleases with it, within the limits of honesty; I should be sorry, however, if others were to interpret my consent as advice. If you will be so kind as to explain this matter, I shall be satisfied.

I do not think that deliverance can come to Italy, now or ever, by means of a Prince, a King, or a Pope. For a king to be able to give Unity and Independence to the

Nation, he would require to possess genius, Napoleonic energy, and supreme virtue: genius to conceive the enterprise and the conditions of victory; energy, not to confront the dangers which for his genius would be few and soon overcome, but suddenly to cast off the tendencies to a life quite apart from that of the people, the shackles of relationships and diplomatic entanglements, and the influence of cowardly and perverse councillors; virtue to abandon part at least of the power grown into a habit, because one does not cause a nation to rise in arms and to face sacrifices, without doing away with its servitude. And these are gifts unknown to all who rule at present—denied to them by their education, by perpetual mistrust, by the corrupt atmosphere in which they live, and (as I believe) by God, who is maturing the times for the Era of the People.

Nor were *my* opinions different when I wrote that letter. Carlo Alberto had then mounted the throne, in the fervour of his youth, with the solemn promises of 1821 still fresh in his mind; amidst the last clamour of an insurrection which taught him Italian desires, and the first clamour of almost universal hopes which taught him his duties. And I made myself the interpreter of these hopes, not of my own. At that time I did not put my name to these few pages. Now, if you decide to republish them, they will prove (if nothing else) to those who call themselves the creators and organisers of a new party, that they are merely very poor imitators of the illusions of sixteen years ago; and that what they are attempting now, was attempted by those of the National Party, before the most bitter disappointments and rivers of our brothers' blood reduced them to telling their fellow-citizens that there was no hope for them but in themselves and God.

Yours,

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

XLVIII

To MRS. TAYLOR—LONDON

[Written in English by Mazzini]

LONDON,
15th May, 1847.

DEAR MRS. TAYLOR,

. . . . . .

. . . And now for poetry. Alas! After mature consideration, I find no *definition* at all; by you it is not needed; I am sure you have the *thing* in your soul, and that is better than all the definitions one could supply; for Mr. Taylor I fear no definition of mine would do. Suppose I gave a definition that seems to me very true, but that I ought to explain in two pages at least. "Poetry is the feeling of a former and a future world" (Byron's journal), he would find out that it belongs to Byron, and would find himself pledged to refuse it. Suppose that I gave one of mine: "Poetry is the Religion of the Individual Soul; Religion is the Poetry of the Collective Soul." I fear that not only he, but perhaps you too, would ask for explanations which would fill up a lecture, not a note. Suppose that I quoted lines like these:

". . . a poet's art
Lies in tolerating wholly, and accounting for in part
By his own heart's subtle workings, those of every other heart."

He would say that that is Charity and nothing else; *we* would say that it is incomplete. Suppose that I adopted yours—which with due comments and interpretations I am not far from—that "Poetry is the Soul of the Universe"; it

would not avail. You gave it already, I am sure, and it was declared unsatisfactory.

We must one day or other *talk* about this. I fear vaguely that even *we* do differ in some way respecting the essence of Poetry. I suspect that you leave out, in your own definition, the element of Action, which seems to me inseparable from it.

Poetry is for me something like the third person of the Trinity, the Holy Spirit, which is Action. But this amounts to declare incomplete the poetry, for instance, of Wordsworth, Coleridge, etc. Is that a heresy for you? If so, our definitions will not agree.

Ever faithfully yours,

JOS. MAZZINI.

Mazzini had a very close friendship with Mrs. Taylor and her husband, Peter Taylor, Radical M.P. for Leicester, especially during his second sojourn in London after 1849. They collaborated in founding the People's International League, partly to carry on the work of his earlier Society of Young Europe, but more to enlist sympathy for Italy in England. He had literary tastes in common with Mrs. Taylor, and loved to correspond with her on his theories of literature.

XLIX

To GIUSEPPE MONTANELLI—PISA

LONDON,
16*th July*, 1847.

. . . . . .

I am not aware whether you know the Pope personally, and may therefore have been able, after a private colloquy with him, to attain that confidence which I could only derive from deeds. In my opinion, the facts

so far only reveal the good man, the Prince, who partly from the necessity of the times (more threatening in his States than elsewhere), and partly from benevolence, resolved to try whether by administering his possessions a little better, with more tolerance and more sympathy, he could not put an end to the disorders, plots, and insurrections, which have now become permanent. The first step having been taken, the not very dignified applause of some, and the exaggerated, and mostly hypocritical, enthusiasm of others, have led him to continue his benevolence, and to pronounce words of gratitude and trust. Beyond that I cannot go, however much I endeavour. I have always kept silence, so as not to be accused of injuring projects still unknown, and I have studied attentively the acts and words of the Pope and of the *moderate* writers. For these latter I have often blushed; but in the Pope, I repeat, I have only been able to see the good man, without convictions, hesitating between Austria and his own tendencies; without any of the *Italian* intentions that others have chosen to perceive in his acts. If I am deceiving myself, the first fact which proves that I am mistaken, will find me prepared to revise my opinion. But until such a fact takes place, where is the banner of Pope Pius IX? What does it represent? Where is the Italian banner, without which I do not consider Union possible or efficacious? I am growing old, and I cannot easily become enthusiastic over dangerous dreams, if such exist. I do not approve of the strategy which you indicate to me in a few lines; but before explaining my reasons, I should wish to make you understand that my disapproval does not depend upon a conspirator's spirit of liberalism. Conspiracy is not a *principle* for me; it is a most regrettable fact, arising from a condition of things which makes it indispensable. All my individual ten-

dencies are for publicity; and you ought to do me the justice to remember that I have often been accused of imprudence, because I have used publicity from the first as well as our secret work; that the *Giovane Italia* appeared immediately in the light of day, in contrast to the old *Carboneria*, which chose to proceed completely in the dark; that we only do secretly what we could not do openly; and that we raise a banner which we exhibit to all, as the preachers of principles.

If there is anyone who will open for me a way of preaching National Unity in Italy, I will bless him, and will return there at once; but any preaching without this title and this word for its beginning and end will, I fear, not only be useless, but harmful. I cannot accept the strategy which you propose, because it could not lead to this end. It might lead to the conquest of a few administrative improvements and a few concessions, a few reforms in the laws, and, if you choose, to the conquest of a homœopathic portion of liberty for each of the many States into which we are divided; but not to unite them and make them into a Nation. It might lead, if we all concentrated ourselves upon it, *to turning men's minds aside from the goal*, and to persuading the Italian populations that they could improve their conditions under the present Governments, and to giving an outlet to the suppressed activity of the younger generation, which otherwise would produce a national explosion one day; also to planting new seeds of federalism, creating local vanities, and giving birth to a spirit of Machiavellism and of tactics, where we wanted faith, sincerity, and real vitrue. . . .

Love Italy always, and also love as far as you can

Your

GIUS. MAZZINI.

Pio Nono, who had recently been made Pope, and whose quasi-liberal policy won him for a time the enthusiastic hopes of the Italian patriots. Half-hearted and short-lived as were his tendencies to reform, his backing gave an immense impetus to the national movement for freedom and independence. Mazzini from the first took him at his measure as a good man, anxious to correct the misrule of the Papal States, and enjoying his popularity, but weak and timid, suspicious of liberalism, and fearful of a national war with Catholic Austria. Two months later he published his famous *Letter to the Pope*, a disingenuous production which implied a faith in the Pope's patriotism, which he did not really feel.

L

To EMILIE HAWKES—LONDON

[Written in English by Mazzini]

MILAN,
11th April, 1848.

FROM MILAN!

It has been impossible, dear Emilie, to write a word before. I have been these forty-eight hours continually surrounded by people of all descriptions. I send a paper containing some account of my reception here; it was such that I wished you all here, because I knew you would have felt happier than I did. I had felt far more in the morning in seeing some 2,000 of our Italian soldiers belonging to the Ceccopieri Legion, who had left the Austrian flag *en masse* at Cremona, passing under my windows in the midst of the people frantic with joy, then themselves looking intoxicated with the feeling of being for once in their life loved by their countrymen. Still

there was an importance in my own reception; it was a republican manifestation. At the frontier, the custom-house officers quoted to me bits of my writings; at Como, priests and men of the people came around the coach to greet me. The manifestations at Milan were such that five minutes after there came a deputation of the Provisionary Government to invite me to go to them. This very night, crowds came under my windows, whilst I was out, shouting for me. I tell you all these things because I know that you will be delighted with them. As for me, alas! it is evident that the power of rejoicing for myself is dead within myself. I found myself crying like a child at the sight of the soldiers of the Ceccopieri Regiment; and I feel almost frightened at these demonstrations, and very much disposed to run away. . . . I crossed the St. Gothard; there was danger; but the scene was sublime —godlike. No one knows what Poetry is who has not found himself there, at the highest point of the route, on the plateau, surrounded by the peaks of the Alps, in the everlasting silence that speaks of God.

The Milanese have been sublime beyond all conception; far superior to the Parisians. The question of independence is solved. The other questions are pending. The Government is here composed of heterogeneous elements, a majority under secret engagements to Charles Albert; a minority belonging to our own men, but rather timid and wavering. The Charles Albert party is intriguing very actively, and availing itself of every skirmish to conquer the sympathy of our fervent meridional people. Still our republican party is strong, and I am trying to organise it publicly. Perhaps I shall succeed; perhaps not. We shall see. At all events it is a mere question of time. It will be impossible for me to write long letters for a while; but read the papers attentively, and you will be able to detect what I do.

And you, my sweet child, you all, my best friends, what are you doing? I know that you are thinking of me very often; I feel full of faith in you. I thought of you on the Alps, of you when the soldiers passed under my windows; and I will think of you whenever I feel most deeply *"à la vie et à la mort."* What is Caroline doing? I will never forget the last moments that I spent with her. And your Mamma? and Shaen? To James, William, and Sydney, I will write a political letter one of these days. Meanwhile tell them all how much I love and esteem them. Remember me to the Dillons, and to Mrs. Gillman. Work steadfastly, take care of your health, think of me when you meet at Muswell Hall. By the by, do not think that you are never to think of me when you are alone. Write here to my name; and if you have State secrets, to Pietro Speranza. Farewell; not for ever.

YOUR
JOSEPH.

In March, 1848, Vienna revolted against the Hapsburgs. The revolution passed at once to Italy, and after a five days' struggle the populace of Milan drove out the Austrian garrison. Nearly the whole of Lombardy and Venetia freed itself, the Piedmontese declared war, and volunteers poured in from all Italy. The preaching of Young Italy at last bore its fruit. Mazzini hurried to Milan, reaching it on April 7th, and was rapturously welcomed. For a time he was, in fact, almost dictator. Much against the grain, he was prepared—at the moment at least—to drop his republicanism, and for the sake of unity to accept Charles Albert, King of Piedmont, as King of the freed provinces.

LI

To GEORGE SAND—PARIS

LUGANO,
7th October, 1848.

Yes, my friend, life is sad and barren; men are cowardly and egoistical and ungrateful; hope is dead—at least for us; but did we not know this already when I came to see you in the country? We have dreamed since then; you for France—the revolution of the people, the days of brotherhood; I for Italy—the advent of *Nationality* as it ought to be, another collective individuality, bringing its contribution to the great cause of humanity. We thought a stirring was an awakening; we were mistaken. The *bourgeoisie* is not yet completely dead and buried in France; belief has not yet sufficient roots in Italy. But none the less, the *bourgeoisie* is condemned to die, and the cult of brute-force to come to an end in Italy.

And *as for ourselves*, hope is dead, but have we not faith? Do we not care for one another? Take heart, my friend; do not let us give way at the last hour. Here or elsewhere the dawn is near. I received only one letter from you while at Milan, before the events of June, and I answered it. As you truly say, we belong to those who conspire in broad daylight; and yet all letters addressed to me are opened. Why should not those bearing your name be opened? When once the crime has been committed, whether the letter is sent to its destination or not depends upon the degree of skill exercised in committing the crime. When they think that they have not been adept *à la Fouché* the letter is suppressed. In any

case, surely you have not doubted me, have you? You must know very well that it is impossible for me to forget you, and that above all it is impossible not to think of you when I suffer, and know that you are suffering. I cannot tell you what I would not have given to have been able, on leaving Italy, to go and press your hand, deriving strength from it, and trying to give you some; but fate wills that I am never to realise a single wish.

And now may I tell you my private idea about France? It is still the same as I expressed one evening at your house—the same as I had expressed ten years before—the initiative no longer belongs to her. You have closed one era; but you will not open that which is rising; you will bring your contribution to the common idea, but you will not be the first to realise that idea. By whose work this realisation will begin, God alone knows. In my pride as an Italian, I had dreamed that it would be our work perhaps—my own country is the only one which died to be reborn to a second life more splendid than the first. Now I do not know. But I firmly believe that the new era requires a new people, a people which has contributed nothing to the world's work for a long time. The case of France has grieved me more than it surprised me; and I could almost say the same of Italy. The last emotion that I felt was on the Alps, in the midst of the snows of the St. Gothard; and that was not aroused by my Country. In Italy, in spite of the tokens of sympathy which accompanied my return, I never ceased for one moment to feel myself in exile. This is a sad thing to say, and perhaps it is wrong of me, but nevertheless it is true. Possibly it is to this feeling, which never left me during my stay in my own country, that I owe the little strength I still possess. Having had no illusions, prevented the shock being too great. The evil with us is not entirely

egoism, but rather the want of intelligence on one side and the want of faith on the other. There are magnificent instincts in the masses, but they are profoundly ignorant and are ready to yield to the first intriguing person who appears; there exists a certain *savoir-faire* in the upper classes, but it is a *savoir faire* without sound principles; there is analysis and dissection, but not a shadow of physiology or synthesis. They imitate Machiavelli; they play at being statesmen; they are *practical and positive*; we, they say, are poets and artists, and they imagine that they have uttered a condemnation. We are in the void which has opened between Catholicism and materialism. And in this void we seize at the first plank we find, the first appearance of strength which offers, whether it be Carlo Alberto or anything else. We are not monarchical; but we have feigned to be so, for the sake of having the battalions of the Monarchy on our side, intending to overthrow the Monarchy afterwards; instead of which, the Monarchy overthrows us first, and it is her business to do so. That is the history of these last months. We thought of founding the regeneration of a great People on lies; and we are now expiating this fault, as is only just.

I am now trying to see whether a second insurrection is possible; I have been working at it ever since I came here, and if nothing occurs to frustrate my plans I expect to be on the other side of the frontier in arms towards the end of the month. What will happen is in the hands of fate; I see nothing better to be done.

. . . . . .

Farewell, my friend; I wish I were a better man, so as to bless you, and for my blessing to give you strength. The thought of your suffering in your family affections is painful to me. Sometimes I gaze at the lake and the sky

at night; and they are so beautiful and so calm, that I am forced to turn away from the window, as I am afraid of giving way and of falling into weak regret, which would be senseless and egoistical. At such moments I often think of you, of the peace which you deserve, and of my wish to have known you well ten years ago. Remember me to Maurice and his friends. Think of me, and write to me. I care for you enough to deserve it.

JOSEPH.

George Sand was the *nom de plume* of the Baroness Dudevant, authoress of *Consuelo, Comtesse de Rudolstadt,* and a multitude of ephemeral novels. Mazzini put her powers higher than most critics would do; he saw in her "an apostle of religious democracy" and the champion of down-trodden womanhood. He kept up for some time a rather morbid and sentimental correspondence, but her later works repelled him, and he could not forgive her for accepting the Second Empire.

The war with Austria, successful at first, turned against the Italians, thanks to Charles Albert's bad generalship, and in August the Austrians were back at Milan. Mazzini would not accept defeat, and hoped that a "people's war," fought by the volunteers, would do what Charles Albert's army had failed to do. But the rising which he organised near Como failed miserably.

LII

To MICHELANGELO ACCURSI—ROME

5th December, 1848.

. . . I listen anxiously to hear whether there ever comes from your city a single liberal and manly word, worthy of Rome; the sound of a people awakened to its

former greatness; and I hear nothing but the usual little effeminate voices of parliamentary Arcadians who keep singing over the cradle of a Nation the funeral dirges of the expiring constitutional monarchies. My eye runs eagerly over the columns of your *Contemporaneo*, hoping every day to find in it one of those decrees which elevate the mind of the reader; but after the famous autograph letter in which the Pope recommends to you in bad Italian, not the ministry, but his own palaces, I do not find any consolation for the Catholic world except that *Rome is quiet.* Quiet is all very well; God rested quietly on the seventh day, but that was after having created the world.

And you can, if you will, create a well-ordered world. You have in your hands the fate of Italy, and the fate of Italy is that of the world. You do not know, oh ye forgetful people, the power exercised by the conjunction of the four letters which form the name of your city; you do not know that that which is merely a word elsewhere, when coming from Rome is a *fact,* an imperious decree—*urbi et orbi. Perdio!* Do not your monuments, your historical memories, put a single inspiration into the minds of the men who direct your affairs? I, in my worship of Rome, consoled myself for the spectacle of the meanness and impotence unfortunately exhibited so far by our cities with the thought that it was for Rome to set the example, that the *Word* could not go out except from the Eternal City; but I am beginning to fear that I have deceived myself. Rome as it is, with the sessions which I read about, is an irony—something (forgive me) between the ridiculous and the lamentable.

I do not believe that Providence has ever said more clearly to a nation: "Thou shalt have no other god but God, and no other interpreter of His Law but the People."

And I do not believe that there is a People in the world more obstinate than ours in refusing to see or understand. Providence has made our Princes an incapable and treacherous race, and we think of setting about regenerating ourselves with their help. Providence, as if to teach us popular warfare, caused a King to defeat an enterprise already almost victorious, and we only think of making war together with this King. Providence has made the Bourbon of Naples a living commentary on the sayings of Samuel when the Israelites asked for a King; and Sicily, being liberated from him, knocks at the doors of the royal halls in search of another. Providence makes of a Pope a voluntary fugitive—takes every obstacle out of your path, like a mother for her child—and you, in ingratitude, remain doubtful, as if you had neither mind nor heart, nor history and sufficient experience behind you, nor a future before you—as if Italy were not in a ferment all round you, and Europe in a ferment round Italy —republican France at your side and republican Switzerland beckoning you on, and a dozen other reasons for decision—you still remain doubtful, and endeavour to govern with the help of the autograph letter about the palaces. Charles XII, when a prisoner of the Russians, sent one of his boots to govern the State in his stead, but that was some time ago, and the Swedish metropolis was not Rome.

I live, as you know, in restless anxiety for the unity of Italy, which is endangered by those who bungle matters, but not for the Republic, which is inevitable, not in Italy alone, but in almost the whole of Europe. And as I have so often said and written, I wait submissively and devotedly for the will of Italy to be solemnly manifested. But it seems to me that I may tell you, without being accused of being an agitator, that when the republican form of

government is set before you (without any labour on your part, without violence, and without a usurpation by the minority), you must be sure to accept it. Do not let Italy and Europe see you, who are born republicans, refuse it without a reason. You no longer have a Government nor any legitimate power, in spite of that autograph letter. Pius IX has fled; and flight is an abdication. An elected Prince, he leaves no dynasty behind him. You are, in fact, already republicans, because there does not exist any source of authority for you except from the people. Men who had any logic or energy would thank Heaven for the inspiration of Pius IX, and would say laconically: *"The Pope has abandoned his post; we make appeal from the Pope to God, convoking a Council. The Prince has deserted his post and been faithless to us; we make appeal from the Prince to the People. Rome is republican by the will of Providence. The Italian Constituent Assembly, when elected, will confirm, modify, amplify this fact."* And the Italian People having chosen a Government, the nucleus of the future Assembly (for the moment only initiatory and precursive, since all Italy is not free) would be formed in Rome. To this nucleus would be sent notable men from Tuscany, Sicily, and Venice, from the Lombard émigrés, and from the Clubs and Associations, who would lend efficacious support to the Government. And that Government, by a few really national acts, would soon become the moral government of all Italy. God who helps the willing, and loves Rome, would do the rest.

Read this letter to anyone you like. Farewell.

Your

GIUS. MAZZINI.

After the failure in Lombardy, Mazzini turned his hopes to Central Italy. He had always regarded Rome as the moral

centre of the world, and hoped that the Rome of the Popes would be succeeded by the "Rome of the People," and that a great republican faith would issue from it. The Democrats were now in power there, and at the end of November the Pope fled in disguise. Mazzini urged the Democrats to declare the Republic and lead a republican movement for freedom throughout Italy.

LIII

To PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON—Paris

19th December, 1848.

My dear Friend,

When I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance, you were (forgive me the word) a conspirator like myself. Now that you are a successful man, your position is quite different, and may become brilliant. Will you change your attitude towards your old friends? Will they have less right to be frank with you? I do not think so. But the men of the Republic nearly all underwent transformation under Louis-Philippe, therefore you must forgive my doubts. In any case you will tell me whether I am to write from time to time, or to keep silent.

And now listen to me, and let me speak as I spoke in London, Paris, and Milan.

Your Cousin is President, and you are near his person and able to speak to him with the frankness of a friend. For God's sake, and for that of your country, and for the interests of all Europe, do so.

There are two careers before him—two ways open to him: either power, or glory—either a dynastic interest, or the interest of France and the world—either to continue in the manner of Napoleon, or to act in such a

manner that the name you bear may be connected with every form of greatness.

Whatever may be the personal qualities of your Cousin, he cannot continue in the manner of Napoleon. Napoleon was a whole world in himself.

A Napoleonic dynasty would belittle this historic type. Besides, new dynasties are not possible in Europe. Those which exist are vanishing. In less than ten years the whole of Europe will be republican. In France an attempt at Imperialism, in order to succeed momentarily, would be forced to lean on men and elements which you in your heart despise. It would mean civil war at first; and afterwards a downfall and the condemnation of History. Look at things from a broadminded point of view, and you will see that there is no longer any chance for Monarchy. It has been reduced to the condition of a faction. But there is a great rôle to be played; that of saying to Europe: "after Napoleon there is no possibility of power for one man alone; kings must disappear. Napoleon closed one historic epoch; the members of his family will open another. In the Bonaparte family there has been a Napoleon; now there shall be Washingtons." The men of the "*National*," and of the present Government, accuse your Cousin of dynastic ambitions. Let him say to them: "I will prove to France and Europe that I am a better republican than the rest of you; you only use the *word* 'republic'; I will show you the *idea*. Your republic is a dark-lantern; mine shall be actually like the sun."

You are aware that France has fallen very low in the estimation of the Nations and she has deserved it; for we must not forget that, since the Revolution, her conduct in Europe has been contemptible. Italy, Spain, Poland, Belgium, and Switzerland, all have cause to censure France; run your eye over your newspapers, and

then over those of other countries, and you will find nothing but complaints, irritation, and suspicion.

Let your Cousin raise the name of France. To do this, he has only to follow logically the deductions of the principle which he is called upon to represent.

I do not suggest an armed or revolutionary propaganda, or one of conquest; but that he should see that a general war between the two principles is inevitable—that he should understand that international right has to be reconstituted—that a Holy Alliance of the Nations has to be founded—that the nephew of Napoleon cannot be President of the French Republic and leave intact the dynasties which sent Napoleon to die at St. Helena—that there can be nothing in common between him and anything that recalls 1815. The question is how to direct French policy along this path with calm and prudence, foreseeing the consequences and facing them steadfastly.

Let your Cousin's language make republican France—the people's France—thrill, as your uncle's voice caused imperial France to thrill. A few words revealing the man who grasps and judges the European situation and the mission of France will be sufficient to alarm the Powers and to reach the hearts of the people, without exceeding the limits prescribed to him. That is what you need. The nations will create an opportunity; the pride of the French populace will rouse Switzerland. I say: *populace*, because you must leave out the *bourgeoisie*, who are continually occupied with finance and continually disputing over the constitution; from men of that class you will get nothing but weakness, egoism, and treachery. They will flatter you one day, because they are afraid of the populace, but they will drag you down with them in their fall, and if by chance they should ever consider it advisable, they

will conspire against you, as against all those whom they once raised aloft.

Let your Cousin enter into an agreement with us, who are not in the habit of deceiving anyone—let him change the *personel* of the Embassies—let him recall D'Harcourt, and those who resemble him—let him choose men whose mere name will mean a republican programme—who without mixing themselves actively in the internal affairs of other countries, will frankly express their beliefs, and reply to all interrogations: "Why do you not follow our example?" Let them speak thus in Sicily, Rome, and Genoa, and it will suffice. Act so that the Brussels Conferences remain without result, and emancipate your policy from that of England. Do not prepare for us that contradiction to your principles which would be called a Lombard-Venetian *kingdom*; forget that Leuchtenberg is in a certain way a member of your family. We do not wish for him. We wish for a republican Italy, the sister of France; and you know that we shall succeed. *You* ought to see more clearly than most that we are not yet at the last *nuance* of our theorists; when the Gioberti, Mamiani, and Sterbini have finished, then *we* shall appear. Make your Cousin understand the position in our country and the progress of our party; make him realise that the not very distant future is ours. What does he think of doing about the old Pope? Why did he write that fragment of a letter on temporal power? Does he not see that a Pope against whose palace shots have been fired is already dead to both temporal and spiritual power?

I tell you things that you know as well as I do; but between France, Italy, and Switzerland, the mission of a Napoleon president of a republic of thirty-six million men appears to me so fine, that I could not resist writing.

I thank you for your short letter. This address still holds

good. If nothing happens to change my plans I shall be at Marseilles on the 7th or 8th of next month, and shall stop there a few days on my way to Italy. I will keep you informed of my affairs.

Believe me, dear friend,
Your most affectionate
JOSEPH MAZZINI.

Prince Jerome Napoleon, "Plon-Plon," son of the ex-King of Westphalia, was now in Paris assisting the manœuvres of Louis Napoleon, who was at the point of being declared President of the French Republic. Mazzini had met him in London, and seems to have hoped that his democratic professions were more than skin-deep.

LIV

To THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROMAN CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY—ROME

FLORENCE,
25th February, 1849.

CITIZEN-PRESIDENT,

My twenty years of exile have received their full reward. An entire lifetime devoted to the growth of our common Country would hardly be sufficient to absolve the debt which the honour of being made a Citizen of the People's Rome imposes upon me; and I have only a few last weary years to spend for the faith which has now been proclaimed from the Capitol. But I have always lived in this faith, and in this faith—I beg you to repeat it confidently to your colleagues—I shall die. The rest

must be decided by God and the power of the example given us by Rome.

I did not write before, because I hoped to be able to inform you of the unification of the Italian provinces where I now am with Rome. As things stand, however, my coming will precede it; but I hope that it may be the solemn beginning of the vaster unification foreseen by our great men, sanctified by our Martyrs, and mature, as I believe, in God's design, invoked by friends whom you and I recognise as interpreters of this design—the people.

Most respectfully and gratefully yours,

GIUS. MAZZINI.

Mazzini was now in Florence, where he had gone in the hope of persuading Tuscany to declare the Republic and revive the national war. The Republic had already been proclaimed at Rome, and the Assembly invited Mazzini to come. They showed his influence by heading their Acts with the Mazzinian rubric: "God and the People."

LV

To EMILIE HAWKES—LONDON

[Written in English by Mazzini]

ROME,
1st May, 1849.

DEAR EMILIE,

The whole day we have been fighting. Towards the end the Frenchmen were obliged to withdraw, leaving nearly 500 prisoners in our hands, and many dead and

wounded. To-day we have been at rest. The Frenchmen are nearly four miles from the town.

The Neapolitans are advancing. Our position is bad enough; we are doomed; but we shall do what can be done.

In haste, Yours ever,

JOSEPH.

Mazzini was elected a Triumvir of the Roman Republic, and almost ruled the democratic Parliament. His wise and tolerant policy won the great majority of the inhabitants of the Papal State, even of the Clericals. His great object at the moment, apart from securing order and liberty, was to keep the national cause alive and prepare for another war with Austria for the freeing of all Italy. The best of the younger Italians, including Garibaldi, flocked to Rome to serve in his army. They found their chief enemy in an unexpected quarter. Louis Napoleon was bidding for Catholic support to help him to the Imperial crown, and decided to restore the Pope. France, still a republic in name, entered on a treacherous negotiation with Mazzini, while it collected an army to attack Rome. The attack was made on April 30th and was ignominiously beaten back by the half-armed and half-disciplined Italians. Oudinot, the French General, was reinforced and settled down to a regular siege. For nearly a month the Romans stood up to an army twice their number and a powerful artillery, but their splendid heroism could only postpone defeat, and on July 1st the city surrendered. For some days Mazzini defiantly remained there, and the French dared not arrest him, knowing the temper of the populace; but at length he was persuaded to retire into safety.

LVI

To ADÈLE ZOAGLI MAMELI—GENOA

ROME,
26th June, 1849.

MADAM,

By now you know the calamity which has befallen your Goffredo, in the loss of his leg. You will have borne it like a mother who feels the dignity of sorrow, like an Italian mother. Goffredo would have died if the amputation had not taken place; therefore I myself, God knows with what feelings, arranged with the doctors that it should be performed.

He felt no pain, because ether was administered to him. He is now quiet, as is fitting for one who is suffering for his Country. Goffredo, with his nervous organisation as delicate as that of a woman, or a poet, has the heart of a hero. Admired by all, he received a few days ago, in his bed at the hospital, his promotion to the Staff. I love him like a son or younger brother; and it grieves me bitterly to remember that you put him under my care in Lombardy. There I tried to keep him out of danger, but here I could not. With the enemy at our gates, there was no means of holding him back.

Unless your friends kept the papers from you, you must have had the most terrible shock, for I know that a Piedmontese paper spread the news of your son's death. Now you can at least console yourself with the thought of seeing him again. Nothing else matters much. The respect which he will receive from all those who have a sense of honour, the love of his few chosen friends, and his mother's caresses, will easily console him, and if he

is consoled, you will be so. God give you strength, and bless him and you. Remember me sometimes too. Believe that I have suffered with you and for you, at Goffredo's bedside, as I jested with you in my childhood. My memory being tenacious, I would willingly have given many days of my life for your son to remain uninjured. I do not say *all*, for I also have a mother, whose old age is comfortless, and I should not wish her to die of despair. Farewell.

Yours,

GIUS. MAZZINI.

LVII

To GEORGE SAND—NOHANT

ROME,
28*th June*, 1849.

DEAR FRIEND,

I am looking on at the agony of a great city, and my soul is sharing her agony. Since the 20th (in consequence of the treachery of an officer), the soldiers of General Oudinot are in the breach. Rome is not a fortress; it is a *town* eighteen miles in circumference, and yet the enemy have not dared to penetrate a single step towards the centre; they proceed, an inch a day, with the help of covered passages. They kill our brave officers singly. They try to crush our batteries with large cannon, which they have stolen from Cività Vecchia. They cut off our water-supplies. They seize our provisions and our cattle, which come from the country. They throw bombs night and day. They do not even respect the hospitals, and yesterday four bombs fell on Santo Spirito, killing a poor

little orphan girl who was playing with her companions. The war which they make upon us is base and cowardly. Oudinot will not face our barricades; but by tiring the population out, harassing our soldiers, killing people with his bombs, and cutting off our provisions, he will end by exciting those elements of fear and local egoism which always exist in a town, however heroic it may be. He knows very well with whom he has to do, and that—in spite of the calumnies cast upon us—we do not wish to force people to be heroes, and that when mothers and daughters and sisters come to us, saying: "Do not let our old men be killed; do not take away the roofs over our heads," we will say: "Very well," and will go away. That is the expectation which he relies upon, to serve a dastardly cause, a State which has no longer a flag or a device, but only a certain amount of brute-force at its command.

France has fallen very low, my friend. Do you remember my opinion that since 1830 she had lost the initiative in Europe? It is we who have it now; it is the nations who have a nationality to win; but the times are not yet ripe. We are only initiators, and therefore we must die.

I have never in my life seen such baseness; nor have I seen such heroism developed in a people brought in contact with a great idea and with a few men who possess faith in this idea. The Roman people is great beyond words; but even greatness has its limits, and we are consecrated victims.

When we have to abandon these walls, I shall make an appeal to the men who are willing, and ask them to follow me elsewhere, carrying the name of Rome with us, and renew the fight against the Austrians, who are not far off. Will they follow me? I do not know. There is an immense difference between persisting here and initiating

a fresh struggle. The only thing that I can promise you is that you will never see my signature to a capitulation.

Shall we meet again? If we are defeated, where can I go? All the frontiers are closed to me. Whatever happens, go on caring for me as I care for you. Affection is never lost. Greetings to your son and your friends, and long live the Republic!

JOSEPH.

LVIII

To EMILIE HAWKES—LONDON

[Written in English by Mazzini]

ROME,
7th July, 1849.

We are conquered, dear Emilie. The French are in the town to the number of nearly 40,000 men. Rome in *état de siège*. The inhabitants compelled to go home at half-past nine. Arms taken away. Arrests made. The National Guard dissolved. Brutal force exhibited everywhere in a cowardly, ferocious manner. Everybody refuses to serve. The whole army is dissolving: neither priests nor foreigners, they say. The Town Council giving in its resignation. The French rulers surrounding themselves with spies, thieves, and scoundrels. The people stabbing some of them here and there. Such is Rome now.

Oudinot did never dare to come down to our barricades. He achieved everything through artillery and entrench-

ment. The town was bombarded by day and by night. Our few troops obliged to protect the town, to fight by day and to work by night, were totally exhausted, the best officers dead. Our supplies of cattle, wine, powder, etc., cut off by the French cavalry. The invaders were gaining some inch of ground every day; and as soon as they had conquered it, fortifying it: advancing like moles, never showing themselves. We did all we could to provoke them to a descent in the town, but in vain. On the 30th I summoned all the *chefs de corps* together, and proposed to leave the town and prolong the defence elsewhere. The majority were for prolonging it within the walls. But that could not be done without having recourse to extreme means, the limiting of the defence to one side of the Tiber, blowing up of the bridges, summoning 18,000 inhabitants of the Trastevere to emigrate within the precincts of the town, and so forth. I went to the Assembly, and insisted upon our leaving the town, army, Assembly, Triumvirate, and all, taking with us every financiary and military resource. We had some 10,000 men; for now we can state it—our military force amounted to that, but, after those, we would have had 3,000 men of the people grouping themselves around us. With these 13,000 men, my plan was to go quickly through the March, enter Tuscany in the Aretino, and re-enter the Roman territory in the Romagna, near Bologna, then to reawaken the insurrection against the Austrians. The plan was bold, but it could prove successful. I found the Assembly under a sudden impression of fear. Not a single man supported me. The idea once unluckily expressed in a conversational way by myself that at all events we ought never to capitulate, but only yield to force, was misconstrued by somebody. The decree you know of proposed. I struggled against, not the principle, but the immediate application,

with all my power, till I lost every (all) *sang-froid*, and ran away from the Assembly. They summoned Garibaldi, who, perhaps with the best intentions, frightened them more and more by talking about exaggerated means of defence. The result was that I received at the Government's seat the decree of the Assembly "that the defence was declared impossible, and the Assembly would keep her place," with an order to communicate it to General Oudinot. I refused, and sent in my resignation. My two colleagues followed my example. Still it was communicated. Of course, the mere declaration that the defence was deemed to be impossible caused it to be so. The French troops took possession of the Gates. Garibaldi went away. The regular troops would not follow him; and the usual anarchy began to spread. The Assembly proposed to declare that the army should go out of the town. I went again to the House and remonstrated. The army without the Government would fall into anarchy, and through want of means, into brigandage: the Assembly without an army would be dissolved, and fall into ridicule or cowardice. It was of no avail. They ordered the troops out. The troops would not go. Everyone began to treat. Oudinot declared that the troops could take *cantonnements* out (outside); and although it was repugnant to accept that, still we meant to go and gain time. But it was too late. Once in possession of the town, Oudinot retracted his promise, prevented our artillery from going, then, the rest. Service was offered, and refused, except by the *carabinieri*, the old gendarmes. I protested against the decrees of the Assembly, and inserted the protestation into the Acts of the House. I will send a copy of it to you by and by. The House was dissolved, by force (necessarily). The state of siege began. All promises betrayed. The leaders of the people ran away. There was nothing to be

attempted. Everybody is emigrating. I want to be the last; and here I am, concealed (in the poorest quarter, the Trastevere). Yesterday and all the days before I walked all (over) the town, just to see if they would dare to arrest me, till everybody, frightened by what they termed madness, began to say that I had a safe-conduct or employment from England!

I shall go, of course, at least attempt to go, not an easy matter. By land, there is Tuscany, with the Austrians; Piedmont and Naples, worse almost than the Austrians; by sea, Civitavecchia and Marseilles. I know nothing about the instructions of the French Government, but have to fear everything. Still I must (go) to Switzerland, and in some way or other I shall reach it. I cannot come now to England. I cannot go far from Italy; and you must not endeavour to shake my decision, dear Emilie. But once in Switzerland, I will pay a visit to England and be some fortnight with you. Keep quiet about me, and cause Caroline, Bessie, and your mother to feel so. Do not fear, and trust my *practical* prudence: the *practical* will make you laugh, but never mind.

England ought now to insist on the population being freely consulted about their Government; it was the solemn promise of France; and it is shame for England and for all nations that France should be allowed to go out as a conquering power at Rome. But who can hope for something generous from your Government? Still, let our friends act on that way what they can. The opinion is so unanimous here, that if properly consulted, it will never allow the Pope to come back.

Tell Soldi to keep the 150 pounds sterling, etc.: they will be of some use for the cause.

I know that you and Caroline are not well. Do try your best, and be better. My love to all. I cannot say

much about me, but I am well in health. It is decreed that I shall never die nor be ill.

Ever fondly yours,
JOSEPH.

LIX

To EMILIE HAWKES

[Written in English by Mazzini]

GENEVA,
13th December, 1850.

I have your letter of the 8–9, dear, and you are an angel. I wrote to your Mamma, and the letter was given to William before his leaving Paris; so that I cannot understand how, having letters from London, you seem to urge me to write (*there*). I wrote twice to Caroline herself; then to James and to William; but I have not a single line as yet. I do not feel uneasy because I heard indirectly of Caroline and James. I do not like the revolting (*rebellious*), barren, despairing turn that Caroline's grief takes; and it is the unconscious result of the sceptical philosophy that had crept into her mind before I knew you. The commonplace consolation, "We are all mortals," is hateful only because it is almost always uttered by unfeeling people: it is an expression of mere selfishness in them. But should it be (*were it*) pronounced always by truly sympathising persons, it would imply a more eloquent meaning than it seems: it is the proclamation of a Law for Humanity; of a Law which inflicts upon us the hardest trial possible and makes us shiver, when it falls upon

loved beings, to the very soul of the soul; still, of a Law. It speaks of God, of reasons, of motives unknown, inaccessible to us in our present state, but which *must* exist and work for good finally. The very word Law implies for me the idea of final good. Is the world given to mere hazard? The universality of the Laws manifested in it is a denial of that thought. Can we conceive a ferocious, tyrannical Law given to the whole Universe? There is in us—a mere particle of this Universe—intellect, power of loving, the feeling of the Good, the aspiration towards continuous development, the capacity for Martyrdom. From whence would all this be drawn should the Universe be the mere evolution of a Law synonymous with Tyranny, Evil, and Irony? Can we even conceive, frame out, the idea of Tyranny except as the reverse of Goodness? Would not the existence of a Tyrant God imply the existence of a Good God elsewhere, above? Yes; I feel it in a manner that sophism and false science cannot overturn. Death is sacred; Suffering is sacred; and Grief must be sacred. It is well that it puts wrinkles on our pale faces, whiteness on our hair, undying sorrow in our hearts; it is not well that it makes us revolt, struggle ineffectually against Laws, lose sight of the great Fact that we walk and live through now unfathomable Mysteries. Ought my Mother to rebel against God because she has had once only in twenty years the blessing of seeing, and for a *brief* time being with, her son? Ought the mothers of all our martyrs to plunge into Atheism? But all these things, which I could give my heart's blood to be able to put into Caroline's soul, could only be taught her by a lover; and James had been preyed upon by a system when he began to live with her: the immense, exceptional goodness which is in him is the light of a star far distant and out of sight. All that is written from afar, without

the revealing look, without a pressure of the hand, looks corpse-like, and—except from you, I trust—will always, even by her, be misinterpreted. This my not feeling able to strengthen her, to save her not from grief, God forbid! but from the intoxication of Grief, is one of my chief sorrows now. For Caroline too has an Angel-soul, and I love her dearly, more, probably, than she fancies; and I would give I don't know what to put a spark of belief, of conscious Immortality in her. But I hope in your letters. She loves you and believes in your love. It belongs to you, a sister, and who suffers as much as she does, to work upon her soul, and remember (*remind*) her how the dead are to be loved and revered.

. . . . . .

Blessings upon you from your loving

Jos.

LX

To EMILIE HAWKES

[Written in English by Mazzini]

LONDON,
5th April, 1851.

What ails you, dearest?

. . . . . .

Write to me a calm and strong letter from Rome, from the Rome of the past and of the future, which you can feel and commune with in your own soul, spite of Frenchmen and priests. I have seen your letter on Florence and painting, dear; and I do not entirely agree with your

views, though not daring, a barbarian as I am, to speak out what I think: reality is not the aim of Painting; it is only the field, the workshop, of Painting; but never mind; we shall one day or other have a long talk about that. One thing, at all events, I highly sympathise with: your deception (*disillusion*) about the Venus (of Medici), and all the rest; I think I had already spoken the same feeling to you.

. . . . . .

Will you go, when at Rome, after all your artistical excursions, to Sant' Onofrio, to the place where Tasso died, and gaze on a prospect from there? And think of Genius dying? And feel how Nature and Genius are sister and brother? And how landscape ought to be always idealised through Man? Should you go to Rome by sea, which you had once in mind, but (*which*) now seems given up, go out of Rome one day, at the distance of five or six miles in the direction of the Tuscan road, so as to get back to the City towards the sunset, and feel once at least Immortality through Death, as I did. I shall write again when I hear from you. Be extremely cautious. Do not stand long—except for a glance at the Colosseum by moonlight—in the open air by night.

. . . . . .

God bless you and let my love rest upon you!

Jos.

Mazzini returned to London in 1850, and lived there almost uninterruptedly till 1866. He was much happier there than during his first stay. "England is my real home," he now said, "if I have any," and he had many close English friends. The Roman Republic had given him an European fame, and brought him the acquaintance of such leaders of English thought as J. S. Mill, Jowett, Swinburne, Grote. The stress of 1849 had

aged him, but his life was sweet and happy as it had never been before. But perhaps he was happiest with dogs and cats and his own canaries. He was very fond of children, though not quite at home with them. It was at this time that he wrote the later chapters of the *Duties of Man*.

LXI

To CAROLINE STANSFELD

[Written in English by Mazzini]

May, 1853.

Blessings and thanks for your sweet, long, confident letter. Little Joseph is a darling for cutting teeth so bravely —I love him, and I feel sad when I think that he will soon forget me, *nearly* at least, for I trust you for his not absolutely doing so. I have been relating proudly to Quadrio all the little peculiarities of his loving intercourse with me, his smiling first, then seeking my pocket, then uttering very musically, *Maa*. Does he improve his dictionary? Tell me always something about him. I fancied the day before yesterday that he had come to visit me under the shape of a little swallow which came straightforward into my room. You have never examined or had in your hand a swallow, I dare say. The grasp of the little paw or hand—for it is decidedly like a hand—on my finger, a warm, small, soft, yet very firm touch, reminded me instantly, I don't know how, of little Joseph. . . .

. . . . . .

LXII

To THE PRESIDENT OF THE POLISH MEETING

LONDON,
29th November, 1853.

DEAR FRIEND,

. . . As regards those English who are present, speak to them of Duty, and be certain that they will respond to your appeal. In the heart of every honest British citizen there is always ready a spark of the old sacred fire which burnt in the hearts of Milton and Cromwell. Excite this spark, boldly and without fear. The people to whom Nelson said nothing but the concise words: "To-day England expects every man to do his Duty," has not been "corrupted" by the contorted, immoral, and weak policy of Diplomacy, and can never be so. Speak to them of Duty. Tell them that the present duty is war. War, with the scope of deciding whether Europe is to be left defenceless at the mercy of successive despotic usurpations, or to become a free, well-ordered Europe, pleasing to God, and progressing in peace. War, with the scope of solving once for all the ancient problem whether Man is to remain a passive slave trodden underfoot by organised brute-force, or to become a free agent, responsible for his actions before God and his fellow-men. War, because it is a sin and a shame to allow the despots this perpetual licence in evil-doing; a licence never granted to the just and free, to progress and the protection of the Nations. War, because it is unworthy of England to look on passively at this homicidal conflict, repeating the words of guilty Cain: "Am I my brother's keeper?" War, because it is never too late for expiation; and an expiation is necessary for this

vicious, un-English, and unprincipled policy, which has looked on (even lending help directly or indirectly), at the fall of Poland, Hungary, Venice, and Rome. War, in the noble intention of restoring Truth and Justice, and of arresting Tyranny in her inhuman career—of rendering the Nations free and happy—and causing God to smile upon them benignantly—of crowning political and religious liberty, and making England proud and powerful, having gained the sympathy and gratitude of the nations that she has benefited. Tell them these things. Tell them that if there had been a Hungary, a Poland, and an Italy, war would not now be a sad and inevitable necessity—a grievous duty to be fulfilled.

Tell them that there is a unity of life in Humanity, which does not allow evil to be done or endured, without the consequences striking the totality of it sooner or later; and that as cholera warns us to beware of tolerating an abject, sordid, and degrading poverty in our land, so War comes to teach us that no permanent Peace, no reciprocal trust and stability in human affairs, can exist if Justice, Reason, and Liberty do not form the basis of a true Balance of Power in Europe.

And finally, tell them to be on their guard. War will probably be inevitable, but let it be for the cause of God and Humanity, the fair, loyal, and decisive struggle for a principle, and the last struggle for many generations to come. . . . Let it be the war of England; not the war of Lord Clarendon or Lord Aberdeen. Let them watch narrowly the conduct of their Government, and not permit it to shed the heroic English blood for the sole reason of following out a wretched, immoral, and transitory diplomatic combination, which would allow the evil to flourish anew from the same root a few years later, and would cause wars without end.

If they permitted this, they would sin against us, against themselves, and against the future destinies of Europe!

Ever yours,

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

LXIII

To SYDNEY MILNER GIBSON—LONDON

LONDON,
19th March, 1856.

DEAR SYDNEY,

I am glad that you have understood and been so pleased with the story of the young hero, Godfrey Mameli, whom I loved like a brother, or rather like a son. He was so beautiful and so enthusiastic about all great and beautiful things. When you are older I will make you a present of a manuscript volume of his poems and songs, the former suffused with melancholy and the latter vibrating with heroism and partiotism. You will certainly worship the young Bard who died so prematurely for the liberation of Rome, as I worshipped the songs of Ossian. If you knew, dear Sydney, how I should like you to be present at the lessons that my friends the Ashursts and Mr. Taylor and the good Miss Martineau give to the children of the Italian School. You understand enough Italian to follow everything, and would thus know better the story of all the sufferings of my country and of the heroism of so many. Italian young men and lads who go to their death proudly, with a song on their lips because they die for their oppressed fatherland.

I hear that your Mamma has told you about my Jacob.

The thought of his death has thrown a shadow over my whole life. But you are still of too tender age to understand that. Instead I will speak a little of my birds who thank you for the millet and canary-seed which you have grown for them in your own special little garden. Bobby, the goldfinch, is more impertinent than ever; this morning he flew on to the nose of a little bust of Dante which was given to me by the lad Carlo Pistrucci, and every time I drove him away from that venerable perch, he went back to it with a defiant air. As for Jill, I have discovered that she wants to build a nest, for she collects all the bits of paper, and cotton, and wool that she finds, and this morning I discovered her trying to pick off the feathers of my pen, nor did a little blow that I gave her seem to frighten her much. If she really makes a nest and hatches out the eggs, I will make you a present of a little canary.

Then as for Rossetto, Bill, and Bulbul, they are always as mischievous as ever, and only quiet down in the evening, when the shade of my lamp spreads a subdued light in the little room. Then one of them settles himself on my shoulder, another upon a book, and they go to sleep with their little head under their wing. Bulbul is the oddest, for he invariably chooses to pass the night upon a Bible which is dear to me, and if I place him on another book, he flies away and returns to that one.

There, my dear Sydney, you have a little story about my feathered friends, since you wrote to know something about them. And then you have made yourself their provider of scraps, biscuits, and chickweed. Yes, love them, dear child, these melodious little creatures of God, so beautiful and so innocent. And when you go to your grandfather's at Hardwicke rejoice in their songs in the old oaks and cedars in the park. When you are bigger, you will understand with how much gratitude the lark sings

towards the sun, towards the heat, towards the light. And I hope that neither you nor Jasper will ever rob the little cradles that the birds hang so gracefully on the trees and amongst the bushes of hawthorn.

I send you a kiss, dear Sydney, and let me know when you will be confirmed, because I wish to send you a little gift which will speak to you of the Italy which is so loved by your Mamma and by your Friend

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

LXIV

To DANIELE MANIN

LONDON,
8th June, 1856.

. . . One of your last letters, under the pretext of a moral lesson, has brought such an accusation against the party, that to leave it unrefuted would appear like indifference or agreement. Therefore I am writing to you.

In that letter you assert that the party will never succeed in its partiotic enterprise, unless it formerly abjures the *theory of the dagger*.

That letter was printed abroad; in *The Times*, a paper which now, initiated in diplomatic manœuvres, points out the necessity of some local reforms in the centre and south of Italy, but which has always been hostile to our national cause. It has always preached the alliance of England with Austria, and attacked ruthlessly every Italian insurrection, shamefully calumniating the men of our party; it inveighed fiercely against the noble attempts of the Lombard populace,

declaring repeatedly that we were corrupt, incapable, and unfit for liberty. Finally, at the suggestion of its proprietors, it pointed out signs of undeniable amelioration in Piedmont; as if Rome, Milan, Venice, and a dozen other places in Italy had not shown, in 1848 and 1849, to all the honest people in Europe, that we were a race inferior to none in our attitude towards a free government unmarred by anarchy and licence.

From a sense of personal dignity, and out of respect for your nation, you ought never to have written in such a paper. But how was it that you did not perceive, in any case, that by inserting that letter in it, which exonerated you from all blame, and decreed a patent of morality to yourself alone, you lent the enemy a powerful arm against the party and the Country?

When these shameful manœuvres of the Government, to which you now unconsciously lend the authority of your name, have achieved their end, or despair of achieving it; when the proprietors of *The Times*, who are now attempting to turn us aside from the only goal, free National Unity, by the illusions of local reforms, believe that the moment has arrived for putting an end to tricks and changing their language, they will make comments upon your letter. Their deductions will be that we have established the *theory of the dagger* in the midst of our emancipation; that the party, or an important fraction of the party, has accepted it; and that you, once the head of a republic, and with an authoritative name, felt obliged to protest against this *theory*; but that the party—and this will be deduced from the first isolated case of individual anger or revenge which may be committed in some corner of the peninsula—not having accepted your advice, it follows that we are a fierce race, irreparably depraved, and unworthy of European sympathy.

And as if to substantiate such an accusation, and to make others believe in the existence of a force secretly organised to slay him who dissents, you speak several times of the *courage* required to write that letter. Courage! You knew very well when you wrote it, that by inveighing against the dagger you would not run an atom of risk from any living soul, but would reap a harvest of praise, as the most moral man among the educators of Italy; the praise of all those who—seated beneath the shade of their country's banner, and secured in the exercise of their rights by a well-ordered national code of laws—judge with cold severity the irregular and convulsive palpitations of an oppressed and uneducated people, without hope except in a bloody strife, and without a tribunal to re-establish the equilibrium between it and its oppressors.

I have been told by some that, in denouncing the *theory of the dagger*, you pointed indirectly at me, without mentioning my name, at me and the men who are associated with me in the idea of action. I do not believe that you have a mean mind, and I reject the suspicion. But how was it that the affection owed to him, who has been fighting for the Italian cause for more than twenty-five years, did not suggest to you that others might interpret your words in this sense? How was it that you did not remember that the governments and journals of the *moderate* party in Piedmont and Lombardy, and *The Times*, depositary of your thoughts, had vied with each other in spreading this cowardly accusation against me, after the 6th February, 1853? How was it that it did not occur to you that in haranguing against the *theory of the dagger* you were supporting—in discourteous forgetfulness—the calumnies of spies, credulous people, and unconscientious enemies, who imputed to me death-sentences, secret tribunals, and tendencies to illegal revenge?

And yet, it is not in my own name—it matters little to me now whether the opinion of others be good or bad, unless it is that of those whom I love—but in the name of a whole party, that I ask you solemnly: when was the *theory of the dagger* sanctioned in Italy? Who spread it? Who supported it by word or deed?

If by *theory of the dagger* you mean the language of him who cries to a subjugated people, without a country, without a banner to spread over its sons in the cradle or the grave: "Rise up: slay or die: you are not men, but tools employed at pleasure by the foreigner; you are not a people, but a disinherited race of slaves, despised all the more when you whine; you are not Italians, but Israelites, Pariahs, the Helots of Europe; you have no name, no national baptism, but are merely a number; you are represented by a cipher, and the Emperor Francis I brutally used one to describe some of our finest men sighing, tortured and crushed, in the secret cells of the Spielberg. Your one and only duty is to become men and citizens; all education begins with this: no progress can start except from what already exists; *rise up* then, and *exist*; rise up mightily against all who by brute force impede you from following the way taught you by Providence; rise up, in sublime fury. If your oppressors have disarmed you, create arms with which to fight them; let your weapons of war be the iron of your crosses, the nails from your workshops, the pebbles of your streets, the daggers with which a file can furnish you. Conquer by artifice and surprise the arms with which the foreigner deprives you of honour, substance, liberty, rights, and life. From the dagger of the Vespers to the stone of Balilla, and the knife of Palafox, blessed be everything which can destroy the enemy and emancipate you."—This language is mine, and ought to be yours. The weapon that slew Marinovich in your arsenal began the

insurrection in Venice of which you accepted the leadership; and it was not a regular weapon of war, like that which slew the minister Rossi in Rome, three months before the Republic.

But if by *theory of the dagger* you mean the language of him who would say to our fellow-citizens: "Strike, not to begin an insurrection, but with the sole intent of striking, and because you do not wish or are not able to rise in insurrection; strike in the dark; strike isolated individuals, whose life is not an obstacle to the Country nor their death a deliverance for it; substitute revenge, which dishonours, for the conspiracy, which emancipates; form yourselves into a tribunal before being citizens, and before being able to concede to the victim time for repentance or justification." Who has held such language? Who has spread such an atrocious theory in Italy? It is your duty to say this, or to retract the accusation.

This language was only once whispered secretly by some vicious men to a few misguided people in Ancona, in 1849, and we republicans replied by placing Ancona in a state of siege and vigorously repressing these senselessly brutal deeds which happened, just when all factions were trembling with unusual excitement on account of the French invasion. The republic in Rome was guiltless of terrorism or revenge, and did not sign a single death-sentence during the perils of the siege.

Since then, Italy being again enveloped in the darkness of servitude, a few isolated attacks have occurred, in desperate answer to long and unheard-of persecutions; they arose from individual initiative, from the rage of men whose father or brother had perhaps been tortured or shot by the military commissions. And you had a right to blame and deplore them as useless, dangerous, and unworthy of a party which aims to create a Nation; but you had no right

to accuse the whole party of them, and to point them out to Europe as practical applications of a *theory* which does not exist. Amongst the living there still wander men who came out of prison at Modena, imbecile from having been given an infusion of belladonna in their beverage with the purpose of upsetting their minds and leading them to accuse their friends. One Cervieri, a man of the people, in Lombardy —I quote a single name as an example—received twenty strokes of the lash every day for a week in Mantua. From the money sent to Colonel Calvi by his relatives, so that he might pay a debt to one of his fellow-prisoners before being hung, the Austrians deducted the cost of the rope and the hangman, and refused to pay the debt. And if a son or brother of Cervieri or Calvi, or of some other of those unfortunates, had become wild with rage, and seizing a weapon had stabbed the first of the persecutors whom he met in the street, would you have called this murder the result of a *theory*?

The theory of the dagger subsists in this: in the insane, incessant, and cruel persecution of thought, and of the smallest acts which give rise to suspicion in those who are guilty, or believed to be guilty, of affection for their Country, their substance being forfeited and their lives threatened—in flogging taking the place of law in Italy—in the perpetual insolence of the foreign rulers—in the feverish irritation caused by the orders given out and by the shameful espionage—in the hatreds aroused by paid denunciations—in the overbearing deeds perpetrated (under cover of a Government abhorred like the Papal Government), by tyrannical underlings known to everyone in our small cities—in the unavoidable scorn for every existing institution—in the impossibility of obtaining justice against the extortions of the oppressors—in the contempt of life (an inevitable consequence of the uncertainty of the future)—in

a condition of things which depends solely upon the despotism of those in power—in the culpable indifference of the Governments of Europe to our idea of a common Country, this immense aspiration of ours, nourished and repressed for half a century.

The party, collectively, has always rejected the great temptation that our oppressors place before us. If a few individuals, acting only upon their own initiative, now and then succumb, the fact is a result of the causes which I have pointed out, and it will not cease except with their cessation. You ought to have said this. You ought to have reminded Europe how, in every part of Italy, our people has been sublime in pardon and oblivion, whenever it had a ray of freedom. You ought to have reminded her how, only yesterday, an English minister, contradicting himself, declared in the House of Commons, concerning Rome, that our cities were never so well governed or so free from crime and violence as when a banner of the Country floated over their towers. You ought to have re-evoked the picture of our wretched conditions, and to have cried: *"The Austrian Government, which, against the unanimous vote of the population, persists in keeping what does not belong to it; the French Government, which deprived Rome of every means of amelioration; the Protestant English Government, which declared in its dispatches that it desired the return of the Pope; the Governments of all Europe, which forbid Italy to be a Nation—are responsible before God and man for the daggers that flash through the darkness of our land. They all conspire to prevent our free development, and to maintain a great injustice upon our soil: let them blame themselves if an abnormal and violent protest should sometimes issue from an enslaved and uneducated people, who are abandoned by all."*

It seems to me that this should have been your part. To cry to the men who are agonising unjustly under the

knife of the executioner: *"do not use the knife which falls into your hands,"* is the same as crying to one who is dying in a vitiated atmosphere: *"let the blood circulate freely through your veins, and you will be cured."* It is the same error as that of the worthy men who wait to initiate the republican institution, till those born and bred under monarchical despotism develop republican virtues.

The *theory of the dagger* has never existed in Italy; the *fact* of the dagger will disappear when Italy has her own life, recognised rights, and justice.

To-day, I do not approve, I deplore; but I have not the heart to condemn. When a man, Vandoni, at Milan, cunningly persuades one of his old friends to accept from him a ticket in the National Loan, and then hastens to denounce him to the foreign police, if a man of the people rises the next day and stabs the Judas at noon in the public thoroughfare, I have not the courage to cast a stone at this man who makes himself a representative of social justice, hated by tyranny.

I abhor a single drop of blood being shed, when not imperatively required for the triumph or the consecration of a sacred principle. I believe the death-sentence to be a crime when applied by a society which can defend itself, and it is my earnest desire that the first decree of the triumphant republic may be the abolition of the gallows. I sigh over individual acts of vengeance, even when against iniquitous persons, and even when every means of legal justice is wanting where they are committed. Braving the accusation of weakness, I refused to append my signature to a sentence of death pronounced by a tribunal of war against a guilty soldier. Therefore I do not fear a wrong interpretation being put upon my words by honest people, if I add that there are exceptional moments, both in life and in the history of nations, to which normal human

justice cannot adapt itself, and when men can only act as their conscience and God inspire them.

The sword in Judith's hand which destroyed Holophernes was sacred; the dagger of Brutus, the stiletto of the Sicilian who started the Vespers, and the arrow of Tell, were sacred. Where all Justice is dead, and a tyrant denies and destroys by terrorism the conscience of a nation towards God who willed it to be free—and a man, without hatred or base passion, but actuated only be devotion to his Country and the eternal right which he embodies, arises to confront the tyrant, crying: *thou tormentest millions of my brothers; thou deprivest them of that which was given them by God; thou slayest their bodies and corruptest their souls; thou condemnest my countrymen to live in agony day after day; in thee is embodied the whole edifice of servitude, dishonour, and guilt: therefore I destroy this edifice in slaying thee*—I recognise the finger of God in that manifestation of tremendous equality between the ruler of millions and a single individual. Most men feel as I do in their hearts, but I acknowledge it.

Therefore I will not cry anathema, like you, Manin, on these assailants; I will not say to them, with evident injustice: *you are cowards*; I will not say to the party, which never encourages these deeds: *you will fail in your object, if you do not stop them*; but I will say: "Why do you strike, wretched men? What do you hope for? If ever man has a right to take the life of another, I know that death is deserved by the spy and the traitor, and by the vile Italian who in return for money from the foreign oppressor accepts the infamous mission of torturing at the gallows his brothers who were intolerant of the Country's servitude; but what is the use of slaying them, and can you slay them all? And can you, unaided, be judges of what is stirring in the conscience of your victim? Do you know whether he will not

repent and be better to-morrow? Anyway, do you wish to be as bad as he is? To conquer, we must be better; to deserve the victory, we must drive anger, ferocity, and vengeance, out of our hearts. We are the apostles of the future Country, and wish to found a Nation. In this sacred idea, and in the duty of making it triumph, lies the source of our rights. Now can you found a Nation and conquer a Country in this way?

"It is your business to slay, not a few satellites of your tyrants, but tyranny itself. As long as tyranny exists, as long as there are corrupt rulers, foreign bayonets, and the gallows, there will also be corrupt and servile people, cowardly traitors, torturers, and executioners. And they will always spring up afresh, because your dagger flashes rarely and uncertainly, whilst the bayonet of the oppressors shines steadily before everyone's eyes, inexorable and omnipotent. Concentrate your energy, then, in an idea of collective insurrection, which may free your soil at one blow from the causes that create vile and cowardly men. In concord amongst yourselves, turn your weapons against the foreign invaders, instead of assuming the solemn office of judges—without allowing examination or defence—and using them against men who are merely tools of the tyranny which rules over you. When once you are free, you need not fear or punish traitors or iniquitous judges. The right of conquering your Country for yourselves is a right given you by God; that which you derogate to yourself against individuals who are the blind agents of despotism sways between justice and crime."

These men might allow me to use this language to them, because I cry: *Rise up!* and point out the only simple and rational way of doing so, making it possible as far as I can, accepting and invoking the fraternal co-operation of everyone, and summoning all Italians to unite and to work in

concord, with a programme which no one can refuse without intolerance or treachery to the common Country: *Let the Nation deliver the Nation: Let the Nation, free and united, decide its destiny*. But you?

Place your hand on your heart, and answer me: if one of those men upon whom you call down anathema were to rise up and say: "Daniele Manin, you, amongst others, preached hatred of the foreign rule, national unity, and abhorrence of the Italians who deny our faith. You, amongst others, put the fever for our Country into our souls. Why do you not join with the others to guide us to the conquest of that ideal? Why do you leave us alone? Why, instead of turning to us, your brothers, do you turn to diplomacy, to foreign courts, and to a monarchy which does not wish and is not able to save us? There are millions of us; we have proved in 1848 and 1849 that we are capable of emancipating our soil; we are stronger now than we were then, and the very facts which you blame show it you; why do you not help us in the work of common redemption, which we shall certainly undertake? Why do not you and the others whom we hailed as our leaders, and whom we are still ready to hail as such, unite with those who are working for us? You do not like our daggers: why do you not give us muskets? You could do so; if you and a dozen others whose names are dear to all were to join in saying openly and boldly: "the hour has arrived"; were to join in asking wealthy people to give part of their substance to help us, who place our lives in the balance, you would succeed in convincing and in inducing to make sacrifices those who are now wavering irresolutely amidst the disorder of the party. Why do you not do this? Why do you draw us on from one illusion to another, until we are overwhelmed by despair? Do you expect the European Powers to come to be slain for our sake? Do you wish the emancipa-

tion of Italy to be accomplished by foreign forces? No; join us openly and frankly. Join your intellect to our strong arms. Then only will you have the right to advise us." What answer could you make to such language?

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

In 1856 Manin, the ex-Triumvir of the Venetian Republic in 1848–49, attacked Mazzini in *The Times* for encouraging assassination as a political weapon. Mazzini replied indignantly. There were indeed occasions when tyrannicide was the only means of staying oppression, and he instanced Brutus and Charlotte Corday. But he denied that he had encouraged assassination. Once in early days he had connived at a plot to kill Charles Albert, but all later attempts to connect him with similar plots have broken down, and were mere inventions of the French police or of reactionary libellists.

All through the '50's Mazzini was still hoping that a republican rising would free Italy, and refused to make a pact with the royalist nationalists, who looked to Cavour and Victor Emmanuel and the Piedmontese army. He was bitterly hostile to Cavour, each of them equally unable to see the value of the other. He would go no farther than to promise that he would accept the monarchy, if a future Constituent of the freed nation declared for it, and in the meantime he divided the nationalist forces by fomenting a republican organisation.

LXV

To EMILIE HAWKES—FLORENCE

[Written in English by Mazzini]

LONDON,
2nd January, 1860.

DEAREST EMILIE,

. . . . . .

If Venturi loves you and appreciates you, and you feel it difficult to separate from him, why should you?

Do not give too much (*heed*) to your reasoning analysing faculties: follow your feelings. Much is destroyed by the Psyche's lamp being too closely applied. Protestantism in affections is a dissolving element. Do not yield to *passion*, but if you believe that his is an earnest, deep feeling, do not put to yourself the question: will it be so within four or five years? If within four or five years you will be to him what you are to him now, he will in all probability be the same. As for material things, they are nothing. You can come for some months in England every year with or without him, and live the rest of the time in Italy. With the development which the Italian question will *unavoidably*, without the least merit on the side of the Italians, take, you will, I venture to say, feel you have a country in Italy very soon. You are, I feel proud to say, for the two-thirds an Italian. The great thing for me is this: is he in earnest? Is there in him a mere transient fascination, or is there a deep moral feeling towards you? If so—and it ought to be so —bless you both. If not so, break all at once: he is not the man for you. I have made an effort to speak. I feel that I ought not to advise, not to venture a word, about your or other's feelings towards you. But you call me brother; I feel that I love you as the most loved of sisters, and I thought I was called upon to speak.

Tell Venturi that I thank him very much for his good wishes, and that I would write to him were I not possessed with the idea that I shall see him soon. . . .

. . . . . .

Bless you: and love your loving

JOSEPH.

In 1859 the Piedmontese, with Louis Napoleon's help, drove the Austrians out of Lombardy, and a few months later Tuscany, Modena, and part of the Papal States revolted and

became part of what was now the Kingdom of Italy, Mazzini reluctantly for the moment accepting the monarchy. He was now feverishly agitating for the revolt of Naples and Sicily, which took place in the following summer.

LXVI

To EMILIE HAWKES—LONDON

[Written in English by Mazzini]

LONDON,
14th January (at night),
1861.

DEAREST EMILIE,

C'est grave; I remember nothing of Weill's book, and it might be suggestive. Still. . . .

. . . The little preface ought to start with noticing how the historical episode is absolutely unknown to the English readers: almost unknown in France before Weill; known in Germany through ponderous, pedantically written, and not popular books; as a sort of preamble or interesting *étude*, hoping that some more complete and *détaillée* work will one day or other appear.

The period is one of vital importance, and cannot remain neglected without leaving the tradition of the historical, European, social development broken and in some measure unexplainable.

It is the dawning, or rather the first expression of the democratic movement in Germany, which, quenched then in blood, has revived and will have its way. It gives the precedence in social manifestations to Germany over France,

and the aspirations that came forth in the great French Revolution. It is the greatest, loudest protest—Italy's excepted—in Europe, sounding the doom of the Feudal organisation.

It is more than that. It is a religious event. It is one of the most eloquent proofs that religion is at the head of the whole movement of mankind; a proof that, whatever fragmentary distinctions may be attempted by human weakness of intellect between heaven and earth, religion and politics, spiritual and temporal power, no great religious progress can take place without its superseding (*obtaining precedence*) and finally ruling the oneness (*bringing about the oneness*) of the movement throughout all its social, political, artistical manifestations.

"There will be," Luther himself said somewhere, "a new heaven and a new earth." With all due reverence for the powerful organisation of the man, we cannot deny the fact —apparent throughout all his work, letters, conversations— that he did not aggress (*attack*) the whole problem, but contented himself with partially realising the first part of the prophecy. The "peasants" attempted the second; they failed; but their bold and premature attempt left behind a seed and a warning. The seed will evolve, step by step, its vital energies in a more normal beneficial way, if the warning will not be despised by the already enlightened and prosperous middle classes.

Those peasants were, instinctively, powerful logicians. They felt the serious import of the words: "Thy Kingdom come on earth," etc., of the Lord's prayer, more than all the scholars and high intellects of the Reform did. The "One God, one Law," is their starting-point. Souls are free and equal: they must be free and equal on earth. Man has a right to revise the laws with which masters want to fetter his conscience: he has therefore the right to revise the

laws with which masters want to fetter his external acts here down (*below*). If you are entitled to subject to examination the affirmations of the Pope and of his Church, you must certainly be entitled to examine the affirmations of the landlords. The earth is the place allotted to us for us to test our belief. The kingdom of Heaven must be realised by civil societies as far as possible.

This is the lesson which the inexperienced, rough, blunt, sometimes ferocious voice of the German "peasants" teaches us. And the importance for future times of this teaching is the principal motive which suggested to the translator that some good might come even out of the translation of the present work.

This is the rough sketch of what you, fair, *avvilita* (discouraged) translator, ought to write in your Preface. *Là-dessus* do your best. . . .

LXVII

To A GERMAN

February, 1861.

. . . Are the lessons of 1848 lost upon us? Shall we never understand that the first and chief mission for all of us who are fighting the battles of right and justice is now that of forming the people of Europe into free Nations?

In 1848 we were masters of the field. The people, as always, had responded to the summons of the preachers of liberty. The despots, as always, had yielded at the first blow. We could have initiated the new epoch, and have

founded, on the ruins of the old world, the United States of Europe, the alliance of the Nations, in substitution for the deceptive agreements between dynasties. Why did our plans fall through? Why were the fugitive or trembling kings able to win back the lost ground inch by inch?

Brothers of Blum and Messenhauser, of Trützschler and Tiedemann, do you not remember it? Our former masters encouraged in us the old race-hatreds, the suspicions which they themselves had sown and fostered among us when our common servitude prevented us from understanding one another, and no *principles* existed, but merely the *interests* of a few ruling families. We did not understand that *the liberty of a people cannot be won and maintained except by the faith which declares the right of all to liberty;* and that, when all were free, we should have easily, in the spirit of the new life, have come to an understanding about the few territorial questions which still remain doubtful. We chose our starting-point for judging these, not in the future, but in the past. We changed the sacred principle of Nationality into a mean *nationalism.* We divided our forces. We isolated ourselves in the battle. Our masters, having combined, were able to fight us one by one, and conquered and derided us.

To-day, threatened by the same dangers, they are attempting the same thing again. Shall we fall into the same errors?

What is, in short, the condition of Europe to-day?

On the one hand, you have us, the preachers of liberty and co-operation, convinced by long experience that neither liberty nor co-operation can be set up and permanently maintained in one corner of Europe or another, unless fortified and protected on all sides by nations living a similar life—convinced that no continuous and pacific evolution of the faculties and forces of Humanity, on the

road of common progress, can take place if the work is not first divided and apportioned according to natural capacity; if the arbitrary distribution of the Nations, caused by conquest or by the pretended right of royal families, does not undergo a fresh partition founded on geographical conditions, on language, and on traditions. I need not repeat to intelligent men like your compatriots, that by Nationality we only mean *the organisation of the work of Humanity*, of which the nations are the individuals.

On the other hand, you have the men who care neither for Humanity nor progress, nor for anything except their own power and the material comforts which they derive from it; the preachers of legitimacy and conquest, the upholders of an authority not conferred by the living conscience of the people, but derived exclusively from the dead traditions of past ages; the politicians of materialism, who see *right* in *fact*, and the rule for society in *force*, not in the spontaneous and progressive *life* of the Nations. They are the men who insist upon opposing to the assaults of liberty the two artificial and tyrannical aggregations in Europe called the Austrian Empire and the Russian Empire, which withdraw from the movement of Humanity the peoples of the centre and the east of Europe.

And then you have French Imperialism, tilting between these two camps—without any feeling of sympathy for either of them, without any aim except its own aggrandisement and power. A hypocrite and dissembler, with a profound knowledge of the weaknesses of others, quick to make use of every error committed by other nations and their masters, a cautious speculator in the vices of men, Louis Napoleon has understood that we are the power of the future, and instead of foolishly denying it, he is endeavouring to turn aside this power and to make use of it. To isolate the Governments, flattering them each in turn; to direct the

movement of the Nationalities, substituting the question of *territory* for the question of *liberty*, and the material interests of each for the *principle* which ought to direct them *all*; this is the twofold political idea by which he is dominated.

The arbiter of France, he aims at making France the arbiter of Europe. To undermine the adverse Governments by popular movements; to undermine the strength of the people by federations (inevitably weak compared to the concentrated unity of the French Empire); to initiate (whenever he foresees the impossibility of hindering it), a popular enterprise, in order to make himself master of it, to withdraw it from the direction of the Democracy, change its intention, and (having obtained compensation for his help) to break it off incompleted; to weaken the Governments materially and morally, first by war, and afterwards by saving them from utter ruin; to dazzle France by winning back the frontiers of the old Empire; and to create from the cowardly hesitations of others an opinion in Europe of the omnipotence of the new Empire; these are his means.

His strength lies in the army, in the corruption spread by a subsidised Press, and in that intermediate element existing everywhere between the people and national thought, which is called the *moderate* element. This element has not either the energy for good or the courage for evil, and being deprived of its own initiative, and trembling at the sacrifices which that of the people would involve, willingly accepts the initiative of any powerful ruler and submits to his conditions.

That is the real danger for us, and for Hungary, Poland, and all the Nations.

Help to found the Unity of Italy, and the Mediterranean would be a *European* lake instead of a French one, and

you would have a much stronger barrier on the south than the line of the Mincio. You cannot possibly fear that Italy would ever cross the Alps to attack you. You fear France, and are bound to do so, as long as you have a weak Italy, herself open to invasion and to the seductions of proffered help. An Italy strong in her own strength is your best defence.

Help to reconstitute Poland on the one hand, and on the other to found a Slav-Roumanian-Hellenic confederation on the ruins of the Turkish Empire. You would then no longer have to fear the intervention and the preponderating influence of Russia.

Leave the Empire of Austria to the condemnation already pronounced against it by God and man, and you would only have allies on the Danube, instead of enemies as now. Wipe off the stain that Austria put on Germany's brow when she showed Europe the sons of Herman and Luther in the guise of soldiers fighting for a despot, and you will cause the people to gather round you in harmony and love.

And above all, set about founding your national Unity in a popular manner. Give a Country to Schiller's remains. Every step which you take in this direction will help on the movement that we are making to liberate ourselves from the hidden influences which you justly fear. By this movement we offer a base of operations to the People, and it depends in a great measure upon you whether their line takes an oblique or a straight direction. Act so that our people may acquire a consciousness of strength by your deeds, and you will do away with both our dangers and your own.

You feel no confidence (and rightly) in the men who are now *handling*, not directing our movement. We cannot come to an understanding with your thirty-five or thirty-six princedoms and with the fractional divisions of your

moderate party. Be a nation, and we shall understand one another. The Germanic and the Italian idea will fraternise upon the free Alps.

By following any other course, you will weaken yourselves as well as us; and you will open to the common enemy the passage which it is important to keep closed. Vindicate the principle that every country belongs to its own people; demand, together with us and with the free people of England, that the French should evacuate Rome; and you will guard your independence much better than by fighting a battle in aid of tyranny on the banks of the Mincio or on the passes of the Alps. The danger for you, as long as the Empire rules over you, lies in Paris, not in Venice. If you make a mistake about this, no one will be able to save you from losing the Rhenish provinces.

Say these things to your compatriots for us. We, the National party of Italy, have given sufficient pledges of our faith to be believed. We do not side with the Empire. We rejected the insinuations which aimed at setting up a Napoleonic dynasty in Central Italy. We emancipated the South, in spite of the protests which reached us from Paris. Do not pay any attention to the articles in papers that are subsidised and only worthy of contempt; we will never take part in an invasion of your provinces. We invoke, for ourselves and for all, the free and spontaneous vote of the people. Support us in this course. Do not incite the masses in Italy, by unjust and imprudent threats, to seek help from abroad. Do not destroy our sacred hope that when we rise it will be a signal for others to emancipate themselves. Let there be a league between us, not a fratricidal war. Do not convert the European crusade for the liberty and alliance of the Nations into a civil war. Chance has given us the initiative, but it cannot be followed up without your aid.

Let us found our Unity, and you found your own. To be a Nation, we must have Rome and Venice; help us by the unanimous expression of opinion to emancipate the former; and separate yourselves from Austria in the contest for the latter, which is inevitable between her and us. To win Unity, you must free yourselves from the dualism represented by the monarchies of Austria and Prussia, and have recourse to the People, the only unitary and really Germanic element. We will help you to free yourselves from the former; free us from the threats and the artifices of the latter. We have a common enemy; let us fight it together.

GIUS. MAZZINI.

Popular feeling in Germany sympathised with Austria's struggle against Italy, but among the Prussian statesmen this was more than neutralised by the feeling that Austria must be defeated before Prussia could win the hegemony of Germany, and that Italy was their natural ally. Bismarck was already thinking of a common war which would crush Austria. But at present he had the support of neither King nor country.

LXVIII

To MESSRS. RODBERTIUS, DEBERG, AND L. BUCHER

30*th March*, 1861.

GENTLEMEN,

. . . . . .

Be Alemanni, you say to your compatriots. What sense do you give to this expression? Of what Alemagna do you speak? Of the Alemagna which oppresses in the

name of violence, or of that which blesses in the name of the power of the intellect? Of the Alemagna of Luther, or that of Metternich? I, a stranger, also know an Alemagna which I salute with respect; she who said to us at the time of the Reformation: *examine*; whose Peasants (so little known) of the same period said: "*the kingdom of Heaven ought to be reflected as far as possible here on earth*"; whose glorious series of philosophers and critics, from Lessing to Bauer, said: "*meditate seriously on great human matters: Thought, History, and Religion.*" But this Alemagna does not need the circle of the Adige, Trent, or Roveredo to fulfil her mission in the world. She needs Unity; she needs harmony between Thought and Action, so that it cannot be said: "She preaches to-day that which she will contradict by her deeds to-morrow"; she needs to cleanse herself from the crimes of her rulers, and to throw off the weight of injustice which Austria has cast upon her. She needs the love and esteem of the Nations, and not suspicion and war; she needs to concentrate her own forces and make the best possible use of them on the soil where her speech is spoken, where the mothers repeat her popular legends over the cradles of their infants, and not to disperse these forces where they cannot remain except encamped as hostile legions in the midst of enemies. This is the Alemagna to whom I speak.

Now this Alemagna will not achieve Unity until the Empire of the Hapsburgs falls. And she will not obtain the love of the peoples, the concentration of her forces, and the consciousness of her mission, as long as she sends her own sons to fight side by side with the Croatians (to whom, gentlemen, you do not seem friendly) against the national liberty of people who have not offended her, and who cannot become a danger to her, but who wish to be masters in their own land.

You act upon the theory of interests; I upon that of the *principles* without which no permanent interests are possible; you are evidently not *Alemanni*, except in the purely material and local sense of the expression. I am an Italian, but also a man and a European. I adore *my* Country, because I adore a *Country* in the abstract; I adore *our* Liberty, because I believe in abstract *Liberty*; *our* rights, because I believe in abstract *Right.*

Nationality is sacred to me, because I see in it an instrument for the good and progress of all; geographical conditions, historical traditions, language, and special tendencies, are for me only indications of it; but the mission which it fulfils, or is called upon to fulfil, is its baptism and its consecration. The Nation ought to be for Humanity what the family is, or ought to be, for the Country. If it does evil, if it resorts to oppression, if it becomes a missionary of injustice for a temporary interest, it loses its right of existence and digs its own grave. These are my inmost feelings about Nationality.

I should be false to my honest Italian belief if I could ever say to Italy: "Insure yourself against a possible attack of Germany by taking up a position on the line of the Drava or the Sava." I should consider myself a traitor to my Country the hour when I said to it: "Germany menaces you; it is advisable to weaken the enemy where possible; therefore follow Louis Napoleon on the inevitable day when he crosses the Rhine."

It seems good to you to emancipate yourselves from these poor rules of political morality. You say to Germany: "Venice is not yours: race, language, geography, the concerns and the wishes of her people make her Italian; the power of Austria is only maintained there thanks to the bayonet and the executioner; but it does not signify: protect tyranny, deny right, and crush liberty: *one day*

there might be danger for you from the existence of this right which you are asked to recognise." And I tell you that the best security for you against this hypothesis of danger lies in the affection and alliance of the grateful Italian people. You prefer to trust in the cannons of the Quadrilateral. It is clear that we cannot come to an understanding; between your policy and mine there exists as great an abyss as that which separates right from violence, eternal law from a transitory fact, and oppression from liberty.

And you deceive yourselves in believing that you can help your Country, the German Fatherland, in such a manner. No Country is ever helped, gentlemen, by being called upon to dishonour herself.

There exists in the world a law of retribution much stronger than all the sophisms of a materialistic egoism, and than all the military positions possible; it is the law which says: "*injustice will not prevail for ever; oppression means suicide.*" You can verify this law through the pages of history. The present time reveals it to you in the actual condition of Austria, in the irresistible progress of her dissolution, in that cry of Nationality which was supposed to have been choked in the ink of sophisms and the blood of martyrs, but which is now making itself heard again threateningly, whether you wish it or not, rising from the heart of a dozen nations at once.

You will not be able, gentlemen, to keep Venice for Austria. As sure as I write these lines, Venice will be Italian again before long. No human power can prevent it. Therefore, if I were only thinking of Italy, I should be silent, you may be certain, trusting the future to give you an answer.

But if Germany were ever to listen to you, I will tell you what would be the consequences of your wretched policy. It would in no wise diminish the perils which threaten you,

not in the Alps, but on the Rhine; and it would add to them all those which would arise from the irritation of a Nation newly awakened, with good instincts and valour, but as yet uncertain of its course, and desirous of support. It would isolate your cause in Europe. It would furnish the only power which you ought to fear, with the prestige which we are endeavouring to withhold from it—the prestige of a banner protected by the sympathy of Europe.

For thirty years I have been fighting, as far as my poor means allowed, against an authority which does not represent justice, truth, or progress, and which does not recognise the approbation of the people as its seal. I fight against it, whatever name it may bear, that of the Pope, the Tsar, Bonaparte, or tyrannical *nationalism*. My soul, still young in spite of my age, is moved by enthusiasm for the fine impulse of the Peoples who represent an epoch and a new life. But I fall back into doubt and despair when I see how much support is lent (almost unconsciously) to the only power in Europe which threatens to delay this epoch and to choke or turn aside the new life.

There only exists one really grave danger to Europe at present. This danger is not that Venice may liberate herself, or that 500,000 Italians, living beyond the Alps in the Italian Tyrol, may rejoin their native land, or that the weak House of Savoy may benefit for a time by the result of the working of the revolutionary principle. This danger is that the Tsar of the West may conceal the usurping intentions of the Bonapartes amidst the folds of a banner which Europe salutes as a banner of regeneration and justice. This danger is that thirty-seven million Frenchmen, strong in an intense consciousness of unity, valiant, and eager for glory, may get used to seeing in this man the representative of a great idea.

And it is sad to perceive how the very men who most

abhor and fear that power unconsciously play into his hand and promote his designs.

This man has the talent (which is wanting in you and the English statesmen) to understand that the principle of Nationality is omnipotent, and that the moment of a European transformation to enable this principle to be carried out is imminent.

Recognising the impossibility of suppressing it, he thinks that it is necessary for him to make a monopoly of it, to turn it aside from its natural course, to take from it whatever is logically hostile to absolute power, and to limit it and change its nature, substituting the bare question of *territory* for that of *liberty*, and thus making it an instrument to serve his own ends and the subsequent aggrandisement of his dynasty and of Imperial France.

In this lies all his power.

What is required to destroy such a design?

To recognise the fact which he recognised, and to appropriate the part which he proposed for himself, but with purer intentions.

If in 1857 the proposals made by Piedmont had been answered favourably by England, and if (boldly drawing deductions from the language held at the Parisian Conferences) she had decided to support the Italian Cause openly, Louis Napoleon would not have been able to pose as the sole protector of Italy, and neither the peace of Villafranca nor the cession of Savoy and Nice would have taken place.

If Germany were now unanimously to oppose to Austria an opinion favourable to justice, if she were openly to separate her cause from that of the oppressor of Venetia, if she were to demand, in concert with England, the severe application of the principle of non-intervention in Italian affairs, and the immediate withdrawal of the French troops

from Rome, she would win the enthusiastic friendship of Italy; she would emancipate us from Imperial France, and would weaken the only enemy whom she ought to fear; she would establish a *precedent* against all foreign intervention in her affairs; and would suppress the pretext for the meditated Campaign on the Rhine, thus rendering impossible the co-operation which Louis Napoleon asks from Italy for this enterprise, and which Count Cavour is ready to concede for the sake of obtaining Rome.

With her perfectly negative policy, refusing Italy any open and direct support, reassuring Imperial France with inconceivable ingenuity as to the possibility of any intervention on her part, England has thrust Italy towards Louis Napoleon; has made the latter the arbiter of continental policy; and now presents the sad spectacle of a Country which foresees war and prepares for it, but meanwhile abandons to the enemy the choice of the field and of the moment, and the free conquest of all the important positions which ought to ensure her the victory.

And you, gentlemen, by taking up the defence of the power which for you, as for us, represents Evil, and by threatening to join Austria in an attempt to prevent us from obtaining that which is ours, and by senselessly denying that banner of Nationality whose triumph is certain, instead of adopting it for your own in the name of liberty, would defer indefinitely (if Germany were to follow your advice) the enterprise of your National Unity, you would put a stain of political immorality on the brow of your Country; you would lend Louis Napoleon the pretext that he needs and a banner with a device which would conciliate the populace and would make *necessity* the basis of the Bonapartist policy of the Italian Cabinet, which we combat and which we invite you to combat with us.

Germany cannot be saved from the dangers that threaten

her, by fighting on the line of the Mincio; but she can be saved by founding national Germanic Unity, and by helping Hungary and Poland to form themselves into Nations. It is only in this way that the Tsarism of the West and of the North can be fought simultaneously.

. . . . . .

G. MAZZINI.

LXIX

To A FRIEND AFTER ASPROMONTE

1st October, 1862.

. . . . . .

I ought to contradict (the accusations), you say? How and for whom? How can I contradict efficaciously men who lie deliberately and out of calculation? And of what use would it be with the rest, who forget from one day to another, and believe, or feign to believe, in the affirmations of those in power, for the sake of escaping the obligation of protesting by vigorous action against the fabricators of the lies? I proudly despise the former and pity the latter. And Garibaldi in his prison appears to me to be clothed in such a light of Italian majesty, and raised so far above the mire from which the accusations rise, that it seems to me profanation to join his name to that of his persecutors.

You know—and the accusing political group knows also—that I, for many reasons, whether just or ill-founded, dissented till the last moment from any *immediate* design on Rome, and thought that the energy of the Party ought to be concentrated entirely on the Venetian enterprise.

Of these reasons, one concerned the Government, and the other—I am sorry to say—the country; the former being an abject slave of the foreigner, and capable in my opinion of any base act in order to preserve his alliance and protection against all of us; the latter incapable so far of confronting the problem of how one should and could act to succeed. Only when I saw the enterprise begun, and the cry of "To Rome!" become a popular cry, and thousands in the streets and churches asseverate before all Europe: "Rome or Death!" I understood (what every Italian would have understood) that it was no longer the moment for discussion, but the moment to follow him who was acting, and to endeavour to convert the generous attempt into the enterprise of a whole people. I then offered my co-operation; and if everyone had done so, if those at the head of the Governments had had the sense and the heart to feel that a solemn hour had struck for the fate of Italy; if the men of the Southern districts had done their duty and risen, instead of letting the action remain limited to the heroic little camp of Garibaldi; if the *moderate* party, the deluded, the credulous, and the indifferent, had understood that Rome could have been won without war, simply by the cry: "To Rome!" being converted into the threatening sound of a descending phalanx; perhaps the problem would have been solved, and we should not now have had the hard task of wiping out, in the midst of civil strife, a national misfortune and shame.

And Garibaldi, and all to whom I spoke; know that in offering my co-operation I did not breathe or dream of a republic, as people now insinuate; firstly, because I love my country, and to create a second camp with Garibaldi's programme *in action* before me would have been to betray the enterprise; secondly, because I am not blind, and I saw that the Italians were irresistibly drawn, by the

consequences of their initial mistake, to yield to the monarchy, as always, the results of the work of others, so that it should not oppose them; and finally, because I am as loyal, as they are disloyal, and I considered myself bound to silence by my previous promises. I sighed, however, in secret, to think that the consecration of Rome, the historical centre of the World and the sanctuary of the Italian mission, might galvanise the corpse of the House of Savoy, and give, perhaps for many years still, the hateful spectacle to Europe of a great Nation represented by a monarchy which is the vassal of foreign despotism, and has sunk so low as to sell to this its own cradle. But then I had not liberated myself loyally and openly from my promises; and my accusers, who have lately sequestered I do not know how many letters of mine in my friends' houses, cannot quote a single syllable pointing to republican designs previous to the facts of Aspromonte.

My nature, proud for myself and others, and revering the sacredness of an idea, does not allow me to seek blind tools in men, or to mask concealed designs by open actions. I have always avowed (even when such an avowal meant danger and blame) the goal which I had in view. I believe, besides, that facts consist in the *consciousness* of them, and it would not seem to me that I had set up a republic unless I had done so amidst men bound to me fraternally by the republican faith and aware of how to procure its triumph. But even if I had not been so constituted, the whole of Italy knows that Garibaldi could never be anybody's *tool*, that he has his own designs, that he is born to lead and not to be led, and that if he has sometimes, through a generous illusion, sacrificed the fulfilment of his own inspirations, he has never accepted one which did not come from his conscience and from an intense love of Italy. To suspect that Garibaldi, in his bold move on Rome, could have been

circumvented and directed by me, and the unconscious victim of my artifices, is utterly foolish. To assert it, knowing the contrary, is wicked. To spread the accusation systematically, when an attempt has actually been made for many years, by flattering deceptions, to reduce him to a mere tool of the monarchy; to spread it by the same papers which repeated systematically many months before (when they wished to weaken us through division) that any agreement between Garibaldi and myself was impossible; to spread it, after having favoured his idea and allowed him to proceed to action, for the sake of obtaining materials for a Note on Rome; and then to have stigmatised the idea as rebellion, and attempted to crush Garibaldi; to spread it whilst he is a prisoner and wounded, and silence is enforced upon us by sequestrations and a *state of siege*, is a thing for which no words can be found. The Party which makes use of such tactics degrades itself into a faction, or rather into a political *camorra*; and History will brand it indelibly with this shameful term.

The paragraph encouraging attempts on the life of the usurper of Rome, coined by I know not which Austrian paper, and copied by nearly all the *moderate* Italian papers, was not written by me. No writing of mine exists belonging to this latter period, except my republican declaration.

. . . . . .

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

This was written after the skirmish of Aspromonte. Italy was now free with the exception of Venetia and Rome, and the patriots were bent on winning both. Mazzini, who saw the hopelessness of attacking Rome while the French troops were there, wished to give precedence to Venetia. Garibaldi wanted to attack Rome. The Government, though perhaps it had encouraged him at the outset, opposed his advance from Sicily,

and on August 28th he found himself in face of an Italian force. In the desultory fighting that followed he was slightly wounded. Mazzini, though he had discountenanced the mad enterprise, was bitterly indignant at the part taken by the Government.

LXX

To ERNST HAUG

April, 1863.

. . . . . .

No; the Italy of to-day is not the Italy hoped for and foreseen by me thirty years ago, saluted in the germ in 1849, within the walls of Rome, by you and by the men who were then armed priests of the *Ideal*, and who are now the contented soldiers of a Power allied with despotism abroad and living by repression at home. But we have to shake off the servitude of centuries, and the effects of having been educated so long by intolerant and corrupt priests, by corrupt Princes (tyrants and vassals of the foreigner), by men who were unbelievers, and who held Machiavellian principles, and by materialists who worshipped force, opportunity, and the present-day egoism. For five centuries our land was the battle-field of three foreign Powers, and in the midst of these our rulers contrived to exercise a precarious authority over us, by alternate deception and cowardice. The whole of Europe agreed in abolishing all idea of Right and all rules of Justice where we were concerned. The noble tradition of Italian Thought being forgotten, our poets became mere troubadours, our literary men courtiers, and our philosophers the servile copyists of the formulæ of others. The Italian

intellect was shrouded for three hundred years in the darkness of superstitious ignorance, and the Italian heart was invaded for three hundred years by the mean individualism of the slave who has no brothers. This is the reason why we are now tottering on our way like prisoners who have lost the use of their limbs. Do you, Haug, a combatant of 1849, despair of us? Because the spirit of sacrifice has not yet been displayed by any except the 20,000 volunteers of Garibaldi, do you think that it will not spread rapidly amongst the masses, whatever others may do? Haug, you look at the insects which infested the skin of the sleeping lion, and forget the lion. I have watched his first movements, and I know that one day or another, at a time not far distant, he will awake with a bound and shake off the insects which swarm over him when at rest.

The *initiative*, Ernst, is a thing of God. It is the baptism of a Historic Epoch and the *token* which God places on the brow of a People called to live an educative life in the world. Men, in their forgetfulness and lethargy, may delay its appearance, but not abolish it. The design of Providence watches over it. Italy cannot live except for all. Her tradition attests this. Our People either remained mute, or propagated the word of life. It has been so far the only one on earth to find in the grave the secret of a vaster and more powerful existence. You cannot deny that God summons Italy to new life to-day; hence to *take the initiative*. Our life depends upon this condition. For this reason, the oppressed nations of Europe see in us to-day more than we deserve; for this reason, a prophetic quiver of new life agitated them all when Garibaldi's Thousand (precursors of the People) reached Marsala, similar to the quiver which runs over the earth just before dawn. They had watched the great battles of 1859 in silence and indifference, but they thrilled at the appearance of Garibaldi's

red shirts. In the far South there now appeared an indication of Italian life; whilst Magenta and Solferino had only been the battles of a dynasty.

And to the tradition of Life is linked that of Death. The oracles of the grave confirm the answers of History. Is there another Nation on earth which possesses such a succession of Martyrdom and Protestation as ours? From the lips of men who during all the last half-century gave their lives for their faith we gathered words which point to the Italian Mission in Europe. The Bandiera, before dying, traced the lines of the new Map of the Nations. Pisacane spoke of the social reconstitution of Europe.

And above the teaching of centuries and the voices which rise from these graves, Providence has decreed the initiative of Italy as a necessity of life. We cannot live except by European life, or emancipate ourselves except by emancipating others. We must either be great, or perish. Rome and Venice are the goal of our mission to-day. We cannot have Rome without initiating a religious Epoch, without destroying the twofold symbol of Despotism in the Centre and the East of Europe, and initiating the Era of the Nations.

In writing to you to-day, I will not touch upon the subject of the religious initiative, which in the name of Rome belongs undeniably to Italy: that initiative—since a Nation cannot live on negations—follows inevitably in its turn upon our obtaining possession of Rome. But the political initiative inseparable from the Venetian enterprise is apparent to anyone who glances at the map of Europe. And it is intimately connected with the religious initiative; in the History of Humanity, a change of territorial dominions which has taken place previously, corresponds to every great transformation of the religious idea; for every new *heaven* there must be a new *earth*.

Look at the Centre and the East of Europe. There extend, piled upon one another, and interlaced like serpents, as to the similarity with which they suffocate the races in their coils, two great Empires supporting the edifice of European despotism, the negation of the National *principle*: the Austrian Empire, the symbol of immobility, a true China in Europe; and the Turkish Empire, the symbol of Asiatic fatalism as opposed to European Progress, the Papacy of the East. Their destinies are closely connected. Life could not enter into one of them without affecting the other.

In the former, seven millions of the Teutonic race hold enslaved twenty-eight millions of divers races; in the latter, amongst fifteen or sixteen million men, you find less than two million Turks. Only, in the Austrian Empire the ruling element is seated in the centre like a spider in its web; in the Turkish Empire the foreign Osmanic element is disseminated in small isolated spots, unconnected with each other, and surrounded everywhere by the European populations; so that seeing these traces of ancient conquest on the Atlas, you would say that they were the craters of extinct volcanoes, scattered over the vast and fertile plain.

Leaving out the men of Italian race on this side of the Alps, four different races—but formed into a federation by old memories, by long sufferings in common, and by the necessity of making themselves really strong and independent—inhabit those vast countries which extend from the Erzgebirge to Constantinople, and from the Dniester to the Adriatic: the Slavs, the Magyars, the Daco-Roumanians, and the Greeks.

. . . . . .

All these races use to-day, as the only sacred word signifying life in the future, the word *Nationality*, obliter-

ated by Austria and Turkey alike. And the fact of the oppressed races in the two Empires approaching each other and mingling is, as I have said, a pledge of the inevitable action in common between those Peoples called to ally themselves, some along the Danube, and others with the Northern Slavs—a pledge of the common ruin of the two tyrannical Governments. The Wallachian-Roumanians have colonies in Thrace and in the mountains which separate Macedonia from Albania; there is over a million of them in Austrian Transylvania; and a race of Moldavian-Roumanian blood is found in Russian Bessarabia. Two million and a half of Servians seek emancipation from the tribute and the military oppression of the Turks, and two millions and a half seek for it from Austria.

There, Haug, on this zone that I describe lies the European revolution which you invoke. There lies the Italian initiative.

To-day the European revolution is called *Nationality*. This name means—for those who understand it rightly—a transformation of the map of Europe; the annihilation of every treaty inaugurated by conquest, artifice, and the despotism of royal lines; and a general reorganisation according to the tendencies and vocations of the Peoples, freely approved by them; it means the destruction of the causes of hostile egoism between the Peoples, equilibrium of power between the various agglomerations, and consequently the possibility of brotherhood between them; and a substitution of the importance of the end in view, for the ruling of force, caprice, or chance. The social reorganisation will not come till later. First, the partition of work, and then the work; first, the recognition of a mission, and then its fulfilment.

And the initiative of this revolution is a possibility, and therefore a duty for Italy. The key of the movement of

all these peoples lies in Venetia. Each of them, when isolated, is weak; they all know that we are to-day twenty-two millions; that our National Revolution has not taken place, that it is bound to take place sooner or later, and they are waiting for us.

By attacking Austria, Italy will give the signal to Servia, the natural centre of revolution in the East. Austria having been attacked by us, and Servia being in arms, Hungary will not be restrained either by the inexplicable hesitation of patriots enfeebled in mind and spirit, who seek the deliverance of their Country in the ambitious designs of a despot, nor by any other cause. Italy, Servia, and Hungary would be followed, as in 1848, by the insurrection of a dozen nations; by disturbances in others; and by unexpected events like those which happened in Vienna, and which would now probably happen in Petersburg. Neither could the Governments *unite* in a crusade against the insurgent Peoples; the Eastern question, raised by our movement, would be sufficient in itself alone to prevent this.

. . . . . .

Your

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

LXXI

To DANIEL STERN

16th September (evening),
1864.

MADAM AND FRIEND,

How good you are to me! After your letter of the 5th, I received the books which you kindly sent me. I am

now reading the *History of the Revolution of 1848*. For its remarkable impartiality, its judgment of men, its understanding of things, the justice of its general view, and the pure love of the people which breathes in it, I consider it the best work that I know on this subject, now so difficult (to write about). Only I have not the same indulgence as you with regard to socialism. You condemn the materialistic communists, but they have merely carried to shameful absurdity the vice hidden beneath all these exclusive *systems*, which have almost thrown into the background the ideas on the social question common to all of us republicans who understand, love, and believe. All these men, Fourier, Cabet, Louis Blanc, Proudhon, etc., were intelligent, and loved the people as far as the cult of their own individuality allowed it, but they were all unbelievers. They are all sons of Bentham. The search for happiness is for them the whole definition of life. They have materialised the problem of the world. They have substituted for the progress of Humanity the progress of Humanity *in cooking*, if you will forgive me the word. They have degraded and falsified the education of the workman. That is why the workman stood with folded arms before the events of December.

You would classify me amongst the bourgeois republicans, and you would be wrong. Ever since 1832 I have written for the Italian workman on the substitution of co-operation for the regulation salaries. The movement of the working-classes in our cities had its origin chiefly in my efforts during the last twenty-five years. You must allow me to say this, as I do not wish you to misjudge me. I am occupying myself to-day with combining the workmen's societies from one end of Italy to the other, and this will be carried into effect in November at the workmen's congress, which is to be held in Naples. If I am loved anywhere, it is among

the Italian working-classes. But I speak to them from the point of view of duty, in the name of the moral law to be practised, and in the name of the mission which they are called upon to fulfil for Italy and the world. We present to them the economical problem as an indispensable *means*. Socialism in France and England proposed it as an *end*. This fact, and the absence of a *European* conception, is in my opinion the secret of its failure.

. . . . . .

Farewell, Madam and Friend.

Believe in the sincere esteem and affection of

your devoted

GIUSEPPE.

Daniel Stern was the *nom de plume* of the Comtesse d'Agoult, known afterwards as the mistress of Liszt and mother of Wagner's wife.

LXXII

To DANIEL STERN

26th September, 1864.

MADAM AND FRIEND,

. . . You are very fierce against my poor Slavs. There are three great points in their favour. They are new-born, now coming to life; whilst we are dying; dying so as to be transformed, to be new-born, I admit, but all the same the cradle is on one hand and the grave of a whole order of things on the other, and you, a woman, ought to allow me to be interested in the cradle. In the second place, theirs

is the only country that I know now, since the death of Goethe and Byron, which possesses a spontaneous living poetry, breathing of action. You quote to me Mickiewiez, whom I knew, but he is not the only one. They have Malezeski, Garezynski, Zaleski, and Krasinski. There is more poetry in one of those embraces which Zaleski gives to "Ukrania and all her steppes," more poetry in some of the scenes of the dramas of Krasinski, in his *Dream of Cæsar*, in his *Prisoner*, than in all the elegies of Lamartine and all the poems in bas-relief of Victor Hugo. Life, action, and the consciousness of a mission to be fulfilled, vibrate in everything that these men write. Finally, my friend, these men, these Slavs whom you despise, know the meaning of martyrdom, which we have forgotten; they pray and fight, whilst we practise diplomacy; they strive, and will go on striving, you may be sure, till they triumph, whilst we practise *opportunism* between the grave of Poland and that of Denmark. We have killed life by perpetually analysing it. Your German race stands for criticism and thought, without action. It has had no martyrs since 1848; but the whole of Poland is one martyrdom.

. . . . . .

LXXIII

To DANIEL STERN

5th October, 1864.

. . . Please remember, once for all, that the moral question is everything in my idea. It matters little to me if Italy—a territory of so many square kilometers—has to

pay rather more for her corn or cabbages. (Observe that to-day the contrary is happening.) What does matter to me is that Italy should be great, good, moral, and virtuous, and that she should fulfil a mission in the world. Meanwhile our petty theorists (theorists in 32°) are now inoculating the rising generation with the idea of *opportunism*, tactics, lies, cowardice, and hypocrisy, which was inoculated into France during the two periods of Restoration and afterwards. This is the chief accusation that I make against our monarchy, and is the reason of my contempt for all these *pretended* followers of Machiavelli, who dissect beside a cradle, whilst he, Machiavelli, weeping and with bleeding heart, dissected over a grave.

LXXIV

To DANIEL STERN

24th October, 1864.

. . . . . .

. . . I abhor that which is generally called politics; as I abhor art for art's sake; social economy which occupies itself with production, but eliminates the problem of distribution; religion which pretends to speak to us of God, but teaches us to despise His creation; and so on. I abhor everything which separates, dismembers, and divides; everything which establishes different types independent of the great ideal to be followed; everything which implicitly denies human solidarity, denying or forgetting the unity of the end; everything which suppresses God, to set up polytheism or idolatry. There is only one real scope:

the *moral* progress of man and of humanity. I judge everything that takes place from this point of view, convention or otherwise. I prefer half a century of servitude for my country to a national lie; the former produces rebellion; the latter corruption.

Italy matters little to me, if she is not to accomplish great and noble things for the good of all; Rome matters little to me, if a great European initiative is not to begin from her. You speak to me of Unity: it has been my fixed idea for thirty-five years; if I have done anything for my country, it consists in having preached Unity, whilst the wiseacres only spoke of federation. But I mean moral unity; I wish for the soul of the nation; the body is worth nothing without the soul, or rather there will not be a body without it. That is why I have said: "Unity with, without, or in opposition to, the Monarchy." It is not my fault if we have to try to found it in opposition; it is the fault of the Monarchy. But it will be as God wills.

. . . . . .

LXXV

To DANIEL STERN

5th December, 1864.

I have endless quarrels here about table-turning, and am very sorry that *our* friend the doctor is addicted to it. All this is only a symptom; when men no longer believe in God, God revenges Himself by making them believe in Cagliostro, in the Comte de St. Germains, and in table-turning. All this rubbish of tables in convulsions, of *mediums*

who traffic in souls, of spirits stammering alphabetically I know not what stupid answers to stupid questions, irritates me like a profanation of the sanctity of death. When I think that if it occurred to me to ask these people for a conversation with my mother, they would make her appear amongst a circle of sceptics, *blasé* men in yellow gloves, and ladies in crinolines, to have an interview with her son and divulge to him the commonplaces limited to the questions put to her, I am seized with disgust. There is hardly anything in which I could not bring myself to believe by a supreme effort of concentration and will, if I and a being who was exceptional in faith, love, enthusiasm, and sorrow, were alone together at midnight. But in a séance at a fixed hour, in the midst of vicious men and frivolous women, that an abject creature, often less than mediocre, and frequently hired for a fee, should have the power of evoking Jacob's ladder, or that by touching a piece of wood one can communicate by taps! . . . And observe that after twenty-five years of contact, this spirit-world has so far not revealed to us a single unknown truth.

. . . . . .

Your Friend

GIUSEPPE.

LXXVI

To MR. CONWAY

LONDON,

30th October, 1865.

DEAR CONWAY,

You ask me to give you my opinion on the question of the right of men of colour to the vote. Can you have any doubt about it?

You have abolished slavery. This abolition is the crown of your glorious strife, the religious consequence of your battles, which otherwise would have only been a lamentable butchery. You have decreed that the sun of the Republic shall shine freely upon all; that, as God is one, so on the blessed soil where liberty is not merely a chance fact, but a faith and a gospel, the stamp of Humanity shall be one. Can you mutilate this great principle? Can you curtail and reduce it to the proportions of the semi-liberty of the monarchies? Can you tolerate that any man amongst you should only be the half of himself? Can you proclaim the dogma of semi-responsibility? Can you constitute on the republican soil of America a class of political slaves like those of the Middle Ages? Does liberty exist without the vote? Is not the vote the seal of human nature affirming itself in the moral world, as the right of work and possession is the seal by which it affirms itself in the physical world? Do you wish to change your democracy into an incipient aristocracy? Do you wish to decree that colour means moral inferiority? Ignorance is inferiority; you have not thought, however, of making the right to the vote depend upon intellect. If you had done this, you would have met with a good many objections, but you could not have been accused of being directly false to the principle proclaimed by you; accused, that is, of applying a different rule to two categories of the sons of God; accused of saying: "These men of colour are destined to be the armed apostles of the national union, and to give their life for that purpose, but their life will not be represented in the Councils of the Nation."

But is not the vote the first step towards education? Does not the consciousness of a function to be accomplished prepare man for progress?

Is not raising the self-esteem of a reasonable being the

best way of beginning the education of the child, as well as of the ignorant man? And what do you fear? Errors? Have your *whites* never erred? And is not the path which leads to truth always sown with errors? Give the negroes the vote and education, and you will shorten for them the period of errors. The great principle which you mean to extend to all Humanity, by proclaiming its sanctity, cannot be compared to the small sum of evil which may be caused by the few transitory errors of a minority. Practically speaking, you may be certain of one thing, and that is that the men of colour, to whom you give the vote, will vote for those who wished them to be raised to political existence. If, on the contrary, they remain deprived of this right, they will become the instruments of illegal agitations in the hands of those who promise them the vote. These things will probably be said and repeated to you much more energetically by your American compatriots.

But there is an argument which, so far as I know, has not yet been touched upon by your fellow-citizens, and which nevertheless seems to me of vital importance for you and for us all.

Your task is not finished, but only changed: a sacred duty stands before you; but you cannot accomplish it until you have manfully faced and resolved the doubt which now causes you to waver. Every great nation has two stages of life. The first may be devoted to its own formation, its internal organisation, and the preparation, so to say, of those elements and faculties by means of which a Nation can undertake a given work and proceed to the fulfilment of that mission which was assigned to it by God for the good of Humanity. A Nation is a living mission: its life is not its own property, but a force operating in the universal plan of Providence. The second stage

begins after the Nation has affirmed and assured its own existence, after it has mustered its forces and shown everyone the qualifications that it possesses for the fulfilment of its mission.

Then the Nation rises up and by noble deeds moves in harmony with the general plan. You have traversed the first stage triumphantly, and are now on the threshold of the second; you have therefore the choice of being false to your duty as a Nation, or of proceeding towards the goal.

With an amount of force almost fabulous in its energy, unknown to our monarchies; by means of the constant devotion of your men who are improvised soldiers; and, above all, thanks to the wiping out of the only spot which defiled your glorious republican standard—slavery—you have impressed upon the heart of Europe the conviction that you possess an incalculable power for the service of human progress. The numerous and continually increasing republican elements in Europe have discovered in you their representative. You have become a directing Nation, and as such you must act. In the great battle which is being fought all over the earth between good and evil, between justice and despotism, between equality and privilege, between duty and egoism, between republic and monarchy, between truth and falsehood, between God and Idols, your place is pointed out, and you must occupy it worthily.

Workers for Humanity, you must feel that standing aside would be wrong; that indifference, when God's creatures call you, would be atheism. You ought, above all, to chase from the American continent the enemy that has taken advantage of your disturbances and dangers to insinuate himself along your frontiers and to implant there an outpost of Imperialism; you ought also to help your republican brothers morally, and if necessary materially,

where the sacred battle is being fought. You can animate and invigorate efficiently those who suffer and bleed for truth and justice.

This is your mission; this is your glory and your safety; this is your future. The fathers of your republic would speak the same language to-day. At the time in which they lived, those great ones spoke to the *child*, and not to the *American giant.*

But to carry out this duty, to fulfil this mission, you ought not to have threatening agitations in your own country.

And the question of the suffrage, until you have solved it, will be for you a source of perpetual agitation. A sacred promise to be guarded and promoted by those amongst you who act from logic and religion—an arm for your enemies—the sword of Damocles in the hand of four million political slaves—the question of the suffrage will inevitably absorb you, weaken you, and keep you impotent and lethargic with regard to exterior matters till it is solved.

Reflect about it, dear Conway, and speak about it. You can of course make use of what I write as seems best to you. But such ideas as these will be received better if expressed by an American. A foreigner may easily be suspected of advocating his own cause; and God knows that I do not write with that intention.

Yours,

GIUS. MAZZINI.

LXXVII

To SIGNOR MARIANI—Commissioner of the Swiss Government

16*th May*, 1869.

Sir,

Yesterday I received from you the communication of the resolution passed by the Council of State of the Canton, in agreement with the Federal Council, as regards myself.

I pledge you my word of honour, never broken in my life, that I will leave the Canton on Thursday, the 20th May.

If this is not sufficient for your Council of State, that is their business. I will certainly not give to you or others, Sir, the details requested as to the *hour*, *manner*, and *direction* of my journey; not because it is of any moment to me to conceal them, but because, although I consider it my duty not to expose a land where I have friends and brothers in faith to annoyance and collisions with the authorities, I do not intend to sanction an unjust act even indirectly, by accepting discourteous conditions which I should have thought the magistrates of your Republic incapable of making; an unjust act of servility to a foreign Monarchy, and not provoked by any violation of your laws on my part. Your Council of State has its gendarmes and police agents; make use of them, if you wish to ascertain my movements, but do not expect that I, a genuine Republican, strong in the tranquillity of my conscience, should submit voluntarily to requests which ought only to be made to a guilty man.

Be so kind, Sir, as to forward this letter to your Council of State, and believe me

Yours,
GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

LXXVIII

To EMILIE VENTURI—LUGANO

[Written in English by Mazzini]

2nd May, 1870.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Can you doubt me? Can you doubt my watching from afar with an eager eye and a blessing soul the efforts of brave and earnest British women struggling for the extension of the Suffrage to their sex, or for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts, which is only an incident in the general question—Equality between Man and Woman—sacred for any sensible, logical, and fearless man who fights for any question involving Equality, to whatever class or section of mankind it applies? Could I ever feel safe in my right and duty to struggle for Equality between the working-man and the so-called Upper Classes of my own country, if I did not deeply and warmly believe in your right and duty? Is your question less sacred than that of the Abolition of Slavery in America, or of serfdom elsewhere? Ought it not to be even more sacred to us when we think of our mothers and remember that the most important period—the first period—of our education is entrusted to you?

Are not all questions of Equality groundless—a mere

selfish rebellion—unless they derive their legitimacy and strength from a single, general, all-embracing principle—the oneness of mankind—the basis, the soul of your Religion? Do not those who deny the righteousness of your claims bow to the words of St. John: "That they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me: and that they may be made perfect in one"; and before those of St. Paul: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus"?

These words, they say, apply to heaven. Don't they know that what is decreed in heaven must and will have to be fulfilled on earth?

Yes, we are all the children of God, free and equal in Him, and it is high time, after eighteen hundred and seventy years since the word was spoken, and whilst new religious truths are already dawning on the horizon, for its being practically understood and applied in its direct consequences to human life and society.

One God, one Life, one Law of Life: this is, or ought to be, our common belief; and wherever the stamp of Humanity is on a created being, there we find Freewill, Educability, tendency to Association, capability of indefinite progression, a source of the same general principle to legislation in all branches of human activity.

No question ought to be solved without our asking ourselves: *How far does the proposed solution minister to Moral Education?* And is not the feeling of self-dignity, the deep conviction of a task to be fulfilled here down (*below*) for our own improvement and that of our fellow-creatures, the initiatory step to all education? Must it not start by repeating to those we want to educate the words you quoted: *you are a human being; nothing that concerns mankind is alien to you?* Crush in man the innate sense of self-respect, you

decree the helot. Sanction to any amount moral inequality, you create rebellion with all its evils—or indifference, hypocrisy, frivolity, and corruption. Punish the sinner, leaving the accomplice untouched, you suppress, by fostering in the punished one a sense of being unjustly dealt with, all the good and the educational that there is in punishment. Claim the right of legislating for one class without that class being heard and somehow sharing in your work, you cancel at once the sacredness of Law, and instil hatred or contempt in the excluded class.

In these simple, and to me obvious, principles, lies the justice of your claim concerning either the Suffrage or the minor point about which you are now agitating.

And in these, if you do not forsake or neglect them, you will conquer. Your cause is a religious one; don't narrow it down to what is called a *right* or an *interest*. Let duty be your ground. Children of God as we are, you have a task to perform towards the progressive discovery and the progressive fulfilment of His Law. You cannot abdicate that task without sinning to God who appointed it, and gave you faculties and powers for its accomplishment; and you cannot fulfil the task without liberty, which is the source of responsibility. Your claim is the claim of the working-man—of Nations cancelled, like Poland, by brutal force from Europe's map; of races dismembered, like the Slavonian, between foreign masters and doomed to silence. Like them all, you want to bring to the common work a new element of life and progress; you feel you have *something* to speak, legally and officially, towards the great problems which stir and torture the soul of mankind. *There* is your real ground for being heard, *there* your strength. Keep on that ground firmly, and do not allow expediency, unconscious selfism, or a fragmentary view of the struggle to lure you away from it.

There is a holy crusade going on through the world for Justice, Freedom, and Truth, against Lies and Tyranny. You are — battalion-like — fighting in it. Feel it and act accordingly. Sympathise with all who suffer and bleed, and you will be sympathised with; help, and you will be helped. There is no right unless a duty has been fulfilled; and the emancipation of the working-class is now at hand, because the working-man has, thank God, through the last half-century shown himself ready to any amount of sacrifice for any noble cause summoning the efforts of the good and brave.

I am, dear friend,

Now and ever, yours

Jos. Mazzini.

From 1866 onwards Mazzini spent most of his time with the Nathans at Lugano, though occasionally visiting London. He was now ageing fast, but still worked unrestingly to promote a republican movement which, thanks to the feebleness of the Government and their subservience to France, was obtaining a strong hold on Italy. It was at Lugano that he wrote *From the Council to God*, the sum of his religious teaching.

LXXIX

To GIUDITTA SIDOLI—Turin

Lugano,
3rd March, 1871.

Friend,

You are suffering and seriously ill. I know that you are brave, resigned, and a believer. Nevertheless, the

feeling that an old friend is watching in thought by your bedside may be precious to you and give you a moment's solace. In that case, I can assure you that it is so; I have never ceased to think of you, and to esteem you and love you, as one of the best souls that ever crossed my path. I hope that you may recover, but even if you have to leave us, you must not fear that which men call death, but which is only a transformation. You will one day meet again all those whom you love and who love you.

Trust in God, in His law, and in your own pure conscience. Give a thought to me also and bless me. I dare not bless you, but my heart is with you.

Your friend
GIUSEPPE.

LXXX

To GIOVANNI-BATTISTA VARÈ

PISA,
11*th April*, 1871.

DEAR VARÈ,

. . . . . .

Poor Giuditta deserved to see, before her death, the Country which she loved so much, started on the road to honour and true greatness. . . . Did she die in the Christian faith? I do not belong to that faith, but every faith, however imperfect and spoilt by false dogma, comforts a person on his dying bed, and consecrates it more than the barren, lean, and wretched lies of science which are now called Free Thought and Reason.

. . . . . .

Your friend
GIUSEPPE.

LXXXI

To GIUSEPPE FERRETTI—LIVORNO

25th August, 1871

CITIZEN,

. . . . . .

The idea which possessed the mind of Carlo Bini and of all those who worked with him in our young days, was that of an Italy risen from the grave by the sacrifice and virtue of her people, purified from all her faults by an expiation of more than three centuries, splendid in enthusiasm and faith, strong in the consciousness of battles fought and victories won by the blood of her own sons: like an angel crowned by a double baptism of glory in the past and the present, the bearer to the Nations of the good news of an epoch of Justice and Love. She was the Italy of Dante, but without an Empire except that of God, and without laws except the Agreement dictated by her own People. His eyes, usually soft and sad, shone when we spoke of this future, discussing plans and hopes, in Livorno or on the way to Montepulciano, where we travelled together. He felt that in order to attain such a future, Italy must free herself from all imitative servitude, from all trust in others, and must concentrate herself for a time on her own innermost life, drawing strength from that. Italian life was so incarnate in him, that he never read foreign writers without translating them aloud into our language.

We now, whether content or sorrowing, represent a travesty of Italy. Our frontiers towards France and Germany are in the hands of others; and even if Trento, Trieste, and Nice were once more ours, we should possess the physical outline, the inert organism of Italy, but the quickening breath of God, the soul of the Nation, would be wanting.

The battles which connected Italian territories in a mosaic were fought out of calculation and dynastic egoism by foreign princes, whom we deservedly hated as enemies. The men of the Five Days allowed the nod of a French despot to unite them to Italy. The defenders of Venice in 1849 joined us at the nod of a German monarch. Slaves of France, as long as France was strong, and together with her contending Rome against the holy aspirations of our best sons, we occupied it as soon as we saw France prostrate, for fear lest the great ancient Word should sound between the Capitol and the Vatican. The movement of volunteers and of the people, which gave us the southern territories, and promised a better fate, abdicated its own virtue in favour of a Government which even now denies a National Agreement to Italy. Our battles of Custoza and Lissa were defeats, through the inaptitude, or worse, of the leaders. A subject people, without Laws which represent our ideas, we neither have nor can have a national or international policy of our own; at home we have tyranny, perpetual violation of laws not ours, corruption made into a system in the ranks of the administration, no power for good in the members elected by those privileged by the census, an army which is not ours, but organised exclusively to repress us, the Press and Co-operation fettered, and a slowly increasing financial ruin, inevitable where there is a bad policy; abroad, a servile alternation, as formerly, between French and German influences, infidelity to the alliance with other peoples, every moral condition banished, as in the centuries of our decadence, by the acts representing our life in relation to Europe.

. . . . . .

Farewell; Yours,

GIUS. MAZZINI.

LXXXII

To HARRIET HAMILTON-KING

[Written in English by Mazzini]

LUGANO,
31*st October*, 1871.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

Your letter came to me very late. I had for a while left this place, and now I regret my being compelled to write more concisely than I wish. The Congress of Working-Men begins the day after to-morrow. I have delegates who are about to leave for Rome to see, and many other things to do. I want the Congress to draw a strong division-line between our own Italian movement and the aim and method of the International Society. I hope I shall succeed; still now, especially that Garibaldi has chosen to side openly against me, there are many difficulties to be fronted.

Once for all, whilst I live, every letter from you will be welcome; and if it was only a cry of anguish, asking for communion, I shall take it as a dear mark of true affection.

Why do you establish simply an opposition between the Christian *resignation* and our *active* creed? Our faith starts from *action* as the duty and mission of life; it accepts *resignation* when every attempt towards *action*, without our fault and through overpowering causes, has failed; it accepts and sanctifies it; only resignation is for us an uncontrollable *fact*, not a theory, not a teaching towards our own individual salvation or progress; and whilst bowing towards God (to God's will) and submitting without despair or reaction to inertness for yourself, you

will pray to avert if possible your fate from others; you will answer your children if they ask you what the aim of life is, action; you will tell them or others approaching you that Life is a mission, a duty, and a battle for its fulfilment. We do not destroy, we come to complete.

That life is what we say, you cannot one moment doubt, if you earnestly think that Life is from God. God is Thought and Action; and power for Thought and Action is accordingly within ourselves; now *power* is *duty*. Only God is all-powerful; Thought in Him is identical with Action; Thought in Him is a Creation. It is not the same thing with us, imperfect beings as we are; we *attempt*, when He achieves; we *wish*, when we cannot attempt; and I write the word *wish*, because wishing is action too. Surrounded as we are by an overwhelming atmosphere of materialism, we are too ready to think that we do nothing when we wish, and that when we cannot transform realities, we are utterly powerless. We speak of the oneness of the Universe, and still forget what the power of even an unuttered, fervent, and sacred wish may be. But is not, in your faith, as in mine, the last wish of the Martyr, the strong, silent, and unheard belief of the fettered prisoner, reaching God and weighing on the fate of Humanity? (But do you not believe, with me, that . . . etc. . . . reaches God and weighs, etc.?) Is not true, deep Love—although a fruitless one in this world of ours—an *agent*, a power towards the next?

I don't know whether I make myself understood, writing in a hurry; but what I want to impress upon you is this: that there is no foundation for the opposition you draw in the apparent conditions in which you and others may be. Action is always *possible*. Your organism may fail, and the manifestation, the visible results of your action, may be cancelled by the medium in which you live, and which

you feel incapable of transforming. But is there not a kingdom of the soul? Is a thought, a fervent wish, arising in a pure soul, powerless on other souls, because it does not embody itself in a pure terrestrial reality? Is not the spiritual world existing? Will not everything we can achieve be achieved, when all souls will be pledged to a true good definition of life? Is your powerlessness to act taking from you (Does your powerlessness to act take from you) this supreme duty of siding by the true definition? Where is then the necessity for you—because circumstances are forbidding your embodying here down (below) thoughts and wishes into deeds—to go back to another religious belief, the fault of which lies in an incomplete conception of Life, and in teaching men that Grace, Predestination, or any other intermediate agency, will save you, without any regard to the social aim, to the task you must *believe* in fulfilling if and as much as you can. Your question is between two definitions of Life. And in this I must leave you to your own heart's and mind's inspirations. I must only remark that your attempt at self-absorption in God is an impossibility, and will not cancel our own conception of Life, if true, as we believe it to be.

Your choice cannot increase your powers. If the law of life is *progressive*, you cannot by any self-abdication reach God at once. In our own faith, you may be bound to realise on earth all that Humanity can realise of the Ideal, before reaching a superior stage of life, and becoming—as I shall say, to be more intelligible—the Angel. You may have to live again on earth in different circumstances; but you must reach step by step. The voluntary soul-suicide, taught by Brahmanism, Buddhism, and in a transformed way by Christianity, is a fruitless, vain attempt to deny time, space, and difficulties, which must, soon or late, be overcome through action of our own.

I fear, dear Friend, that you are bent too much on self-analysing, on thinking too much of your salvation. Let God think of it; your task is to act for the fulfilment of His Law, whenever and as much as you can; to pray and wish fervently for it whenever action is forbidden; and to trust Him without any terms. Actions, sufferings, victory, martyrdom, have been decreed and weighed by Him, long before you can seek for the formula which will best act on Him. Love Him in a simple, unexacting, unscrutinising way, as a child his mother, and remember that self-torturing has in itself an unconscious taint of egotism.

But whatever religious ideal you are driven to, I know your mind, your heart, the purity of your aims and intentions; and although I may regret your getting far (departing) for a while from what I believe to be the Truth, I shall always entertain for you the same esteem and affection.

Ever your friend,
JOSEPH MAZZINI.

Mrs. Hamilton-King was authoress of *The Disciples*, a poetic version of Mazzini's life and teaching.

COLLECTIONS OF MAZZINI'S LETTERS

Epistolario di Giuseppe Mazzini (ed.Nathan). Florence.

Giuseppe Mazzini e i fratelli Ruffini (ed. Cagnacci). Porto Maurizio. 1893.

Lettres intimes de Joseph Mazzini, publiées par D. Melegari. Paris. 1895.

Lettere inedite di G. Mazzini, pubblicate da L. Ordoño da Rosales. Turin. 1898.

Duecento lettere inedite di G. Mazzini con proemio e note di D. Giuriati. Turin. 1887.

Lettere di G. Mazzini ad A. Giannelli. Prato. 1888.

Lettres de Joseph Mazzini à Daniel Stern. Paris. 1873.

Corrispondenza inedita di G. Mazzini con. . . . Milan. 1872.

Lettere di G. Mazzini ad Aurelio Saffi e alla famiglia Cranford. Milan. 1905.

Lettere di G. Mazzini a Eurico Mayer. Florence. 1907.

Mazzini's Letters to an English Family, 1844–1872 (ed. E. F. Richards). Lane. 1920. (The last edition contained a third volume, giving later letters.)

A list of books and reviews containing isolated letters is given in Appendix B of Mr. Bolton King's *Mazzini* (Dent). See also *Rivista storica del risorgimento italiano*, viii. and xiv.

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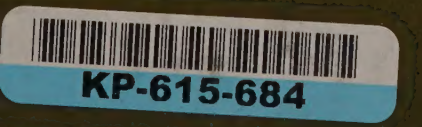
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